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The TATLER

Vol. CXXII. No. 1589.

London, December 9, 1931

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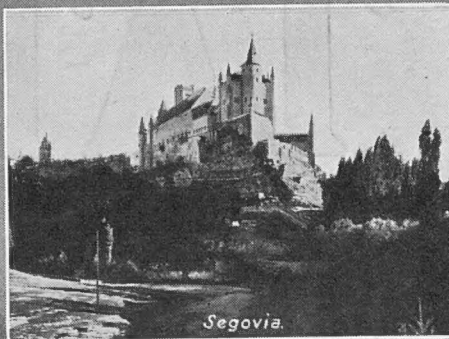
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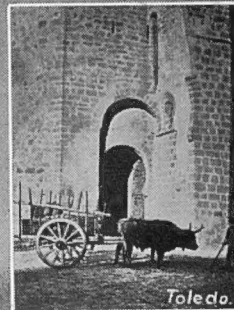
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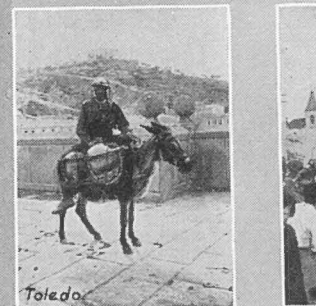
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The TATTLER

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Price One Shilling



Yevonde, Victoria Street

LADY WEYMOUTH AND HER LITTLE DAUGHTER, CAROLINE

Lady Weymouth, who was married to the Marquess of Bath's only surviving son in 1927, was then the Hon. Daphne Vivian, and is Lord Vivian's only daughter by his first marriage. Lord and Lady Bath's elder son, the former Lord Weymouth, was killed in action in 1916. He was in the Greys. The small daughter, the Hon. Caroline Thynne, who is in the above very attractive picture, was born in 1928. Lord Weymouth's three sisters are Lady Alice Stanley, Lady Northampton, and Lady Nunburnholme

The Letters of Eve



AT A GORDON CASTLE HOUSE PARTY

Arthur Owen

In this group are Lady Bernard Gordon-Lennox, the widow of the late Lord Bernard Gordon-Lennox, Grenadier Guards, who was killed in action in 1914, and was a brother of the present Duke of Richmond, Miss Patricia Little, Mr. Gordon-Lennox, Grenadiers, a son of Lady Bernard Gordon-Lennox, and Miss Avril Smith. Gordon Castle, Fochabers, Banffshire, is the Duke of Richmond's Scottish seat

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

THANKS for your letter, my dear. Your suggestion about "pairing" for Christmas presents is noted, but I definitely think it a poor idea. Even if everybody's doing it, there's time for you and me to make a stand. Can't help feeling a lot of people are making present depressions and imminent income-tax merely excuses for latent meanness. Until just lately it's been an offence to be stingy. Now I'm dreadfully afraid it's becoming a virtue.

There is little fear of Lady Allendale succumbing to this disease, I thought when seeing her hurrying down Bond Street with the real Christmas shopper's glitter in her eye. She is giving a party quite soon for Nicholas Beaumont, her youngest son. As her house in Piccadilly is next to that of the Duke and Duchess of York, the two little Princesses will probably be among the guests. Princess Elizabeth went last year, I remember, and was, as usual, far and away the most entertaining child there.

An important nursery "date" was the party given by Mrs. Fred Cripps, this week, for her son Milo, an immense child known to his friends as "the young Carnera." Amongst other attractive two-and-three-year-olds present were John Julius Duff Cooper, Sally Pearson, and the two little Queensberrys.



SIR JAMES CROFT AND HIS MOTHER, LADY CROFT, AT CROFT CASTLE

Truman Howell

Sir James Croft is honorary whip to the Radnor and West Hereford Hounds, of which Major Longueville is Master. The Croft family traces its descent from that sturdy Welsh gentleman, Owen Glendwr, who was a thorn in the side of England for so long. Sir James Croft coxed the Oxford boat, 1925-28, and so he is just about the right weight for a whip to a pack of hounds



AT BIRMINGHAM 'CHASES: MR. F. A. WARD AND THE HON. MRS. GERALD FOLJAMBE

The Hon. Mrs. Gerald Foljambe is a sister-in-law of the Earl of Liverpool as her husband is his half-brother. The day this picture was taken W. Stott did the hat trick and also rode two runners-up. In all his rides at the meeting he travelled over eleven miles over obstacles. It was his thirty-second birthday. Many happy returns!

Mrs. Armstrong-Jones' little boy, won an immense rabbit in the raffle, and there was a splendid Punch and Judy Show, an enchantment second to none.

A great St. Andrew's night at the Savoy, and what a good idea to produce a special edition of Scottish stories for our benefit. The terseness of the following pleased me immensely: "An enterprising young Aberdonian shot both his parents so that he could attend the orphans' outing!"

Mr. "Cameronian" Dewar, obviously trained to the minute, was going a rare gallop, in fact as far as I could see he was never off the floor when the band was playing. The Master of Sempill went well, too. He was wearing the kilt and so were several others of his party; a grand sight.

Lady Seafeld was there in white, and Mrs. Ormond Lawson-Johnston in black with a natty little scarlet coat. If you want a few more names I can supply Sir Godfrey Collins, Sir Harold and Lady Bowden, and the Geoffrey Shakespeares; he is one of the members for Norwich. Then there was at least one Maharajah and, naturally, lots of haggis (or should one say haggi?).

Drew the same covert earlier in the week and found the Prince of Wales and Prince George dancing with great spirit. The Prince of Wales (whose chill, I trust, will be quite better by the time this reaches you) is certainly an expert at the tango, and we were all full of envious admiration.

The Duchess of Westminster was with Captain and Mrs. Eddy Compton, looking very opulent in a dress of dark-blue sequins with an enormous spray of mauve orchids on her shoulder. The effect was distinctly good, particularly as she has evidently fallen for the slimming craze. Mr. Hugh Seely and Mr. Ivor Guest joined this party later, and so did Prince George after Lady Dalkeith, who was dining with the Royal brothers, had left.

Those wonderful roller skaters, whose silent speed is so entrancing, are at the Savoy again, and their turn on this particular night was the indirect cause of a diverting incident. A magnum of champagne had been carelessly parked on the floor, its owners having apparently forgotten that the said floor aspired to higher things. It was quite fun watching their horrified dismay when their precious drink was suddenly borne aloft well out of arm's way.

Breakfast foods at supper time are quite the newest and nicest fad. Lord Rosse and that very sophisticated young man, Mr. Hamish St. Clair-Erskine, were having a most curious meal the other night. It seemed to consist of haddock, scrambled eggs, and marmalade on toast, the whole washed down by glasses of the best liqueur brandy.

Mrs. Grace Lovat-Fraser, the widow of the famous theatrical designer, was another member of the same party, and I saw the Roger Eckersleys, too. He's at the B.B.C.,



AT GATWICK: MRS. CECIL LANGLANDS AND MAJOR THOMPSON

It was a soft day in more ways than one when this snapshot was taken at Gatwick 'Chases. It was remarkable for the good show put up by the Corinthians, as Mr. Thackray got a right and left and Mr. Beechener won on that crackling good horse Holmes, owned by Mr. Teddie Tyrwhitt-Drake, late Master of the O.B.H. Holmes may be good enough for anything now that he has shown us that Aintree does not floor him. He got the course in the recent Valentine 'Chase



"STEVE"

The other name, of course, is Donoghue, drinking Gordon Richards' health at the champion jockey's dinner at the Piccadilly Hotel last week. Gordon Richards was beaten last season by one by Fred Fox; this season he has regained the championship with 145 winners out of 899 mounts

you know, and broadcasts occasionally, but not for the love of "mike," I'm told, though he has a perfect voice for the purpose. Mrs. Eckersley is most awfully pretty and they are both great fun.

There's some splendid news for those of us who love exhibitions. You'll remember the succession of glorious ones Sir Philip

Sassoon has had at 25, Park Lane. Well, his latest idea is to hold an All Walnut Exhibition some time in March. Presumably the furniture will be mainly "Queen Anne," and I often think that England during



WITH THE BELVOIR: LADY IRENE CUBITT AND MRS. K. O. GOLDIE

On the day the Duke of Rutland's hounds met at Eastwell. Lady Irene Cubitt is Lord and Lady Camden's eldest daughter, and Mrs. Goldie is the wife of Major K. O. Goldie, late Hodson's Horse, also an A.D.C. to the late Lord Minto, and Military Secretary later to the Governor of Madras

the reign of that very dead Queen must have been one vast forest of walnut trees, or else that antique shops are not run by completely truthful people! However, there'll be nothing bogus in Sir Philip's lovely and exciting house. We all felt almost Springlike as we sat on pink satin benches in its blue looking-glass drawing-room last week, learning the latest news about the Mid-night Ballet Party. Lady Lytton had motored up from Knebworth, and Lady Alexandra Metcalfe's ivory white beauty further decorated the scene; one sometimes wonders whether her perpetually sweet smile is too good to be true. Poor Brenda, Lady Dufferin is questioning whether she will be able to survive until her daughter's wedding. It seems that the preliminaries are proving a terrific strain.

Whether or no the Venus for Mr. Cochran's new *Helen* production has really been chosen, I hear Lord Castle-rose still thinks he is official selector, alias Paris. At any rate, he is reputed to have the golden apple in his pocket. At his home from home, the International Sportsmen's Club, some of the members might be justified in thinking themselves eligible, but no award has yet been made. After all this excitement, I shouldn't be a bit surprised to find a stout party in thick woollen underwear cast for the part.

"What blameless lives we lead over here," writes my Irish sleuth, "not even a breath of scandal to divert us in these duller days. We turn quite gratefully to any passing charitable enterprise for entertainment. Of course, the Distressed Ladies' Sale of Work is always rather a special affair; more in the nature of a very smart afternoon party. This year's edition at the Shelbourne saw the usual concentration of "best people," and one was once again amazed by the facility with which stallholders abstracted money from their friends.

(Continued overleaf)

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

"They tell me that the Meath's Dunsany meet was quite amusing, and that some of the feminine followers cut a tremendous dash with their gloves, these being of truly marvellous colours



AT THE ANGLO-GERMAN BALL: THE MASTER OF SEMPILL AND BARONESS VON NEURATH

This ball, the first to be held in London since 1914, was at the Piccadilly Hotel and under the joint presidency of Baroness von Neurath and Lady D'Abernon. Baron Konstantin von Neurath is German Ambassador to London, and Lord D'Abernon was British Ambassador to Berlin during the earlier post-War period

and patterns. Our fair visitors from across the sea are evidently determined to be with hounds at any cost. Such enthusiasm is commendable, but it is as well to remember that there *are* such things as courtesies of the hunting field.

"We were done very proud by Captain and Mrs. Aylmer when the Kildare met at Courtown—Mrs. Barton of Straffan in tremendous spirits and a bright red hat. She had an exceedingly pretty girl with her whose name I failed to discover. Masses of young men were out—Baron de Robeck and his brother, Mr. Ronald Barton, Mr. 'Punch' Dunne, home on leave, and lots of others.

"Much sympathy is felt with poor Miss 'Billy' Kennedy, who got a shocking fall that day and was hurried off to a nursing home. Her leg was broken above the knee, but the damage, I'm told, is not quite as bad as seemed likely at first.

"People are already beginning to make up hunt ball parties. The Kildare are to have theirs at Straffan and the Meath at Dunsany. It remains to be seen whether Mrs. Connell will again lend St. Catherine's for the Harrier Ball.

"If not, maybe Lady Brooke will come to the rescue and offer Pickering, the scene of so many brilliant gatherings in past years. She is always so helpful and energetic and, on the principle of counting chickens before they're snatched, is again organizing a series of bridge tournaments for the Poultry Fund. Mrs. Frankie Boylan gave a good lead at Millicent, and with such a house and hostess of course the party was a success." Hardly such dull days, after all, in my opinion.

Either because of the threatening fog or the sadly sinking sterling the Criterion *Flat to Let* provided a sea of

unfamiliar faces, and only the presence of a strong Selfridge contingent convinced me that it really was a first night. However I enjoyed the evening very much. Not so, apparently, Kay Hammond, the perfect "sulky schoolgirl" stage type, who yawned from a box and appeared to watch the audience indig- nantly. She was subsequently joined by that lovely new star, Leonora Corbett, who always dresses to a gramophone and had slipped in from "Billingsgate," so to speak.

Harry Kendall, fresh and pink after his countryside filming, made one of his last personal appearances before vanishing into the African jungle, where he will play lead in a British film, and Mr. Rodney Ackland, who is hardly out of his teens and has already had three plays produced in London, evidently approved of this one.

New clothes are always an encouraging sight. Lady Oxford has lately acquired a brief white velvet coat of which I am jealous. It has a high, close-fitting collar, and, as fastening, an immense brooch of carved emeralds and rubies. I like, too, Miss Clare Elwes' red turnout; it suits her brilliant looks perfectly.

Her sister Margaret, as fair as she is dark and equally attractive, has inherited a lovely voice from their famous father, the late Gervase Elwes, and is in great demand at parties and concerts. Mr. Eric Sandars shares his fiancée's love of music, wants her to go on with her singing career, and has a house quite close to her own home. He is also reasonably rich and particularly pleasant to look upon. How nice!

Just one more word on the subject which started this spasm. I wonder why Miss Yvonne Marling, so attractive as to face, persists in dressing like a dowager. Unrelieved black doesn't suit her, and thick veils should be left to those who have something to hide, don't you agree?

Lunched at the Ritz on Thursday. Such a crowd, my dear; really quite a heartening sight. Lord Louth's ginger head soon caught the eye. Then I observed Sir William and Lady Pulteney, the latter a good example of Irish elegance. Lady Poulett had a "hen" party which included the lovely Bridgett. Lord and Lady Northampton were also being hospitable.

Suddenly there was a great stir, the cause being the arrival of the newly-engaged Ruthvenly twin, complete, naturally, with Mr. Peter Davies. They had a regular royal progress through the room, hand-shakings, back-slappings, and even kissings being freely indulged in. Most entertaining, I can assure you.

Beaufortshire is well represented just now at the Greatorex Galleries, where Mr. Raoul Millais, who goes hunting in the Duke's country, is holding an exhibition of his sporting pictures. He has done one of "Master" in action on a grey horse, and I'm told that the original is more than pleased with it.

"The Beaufort, near Tormarton," I liked immensely, and there's a very effective representation of Lord and Lady Coventry with the Carmarthenshire Hounds; this has been presented by the Hunt to its former M.F.H.

The artist, quite youngish, is a grandson of Sir John Everett Millais, so he has heredity to help him to a good sense of pictorial composition. Personally, I thought he was less happy in one or two racing studies than in his hunting subjects, but tastes differ, don't they?—Yours, EVE.

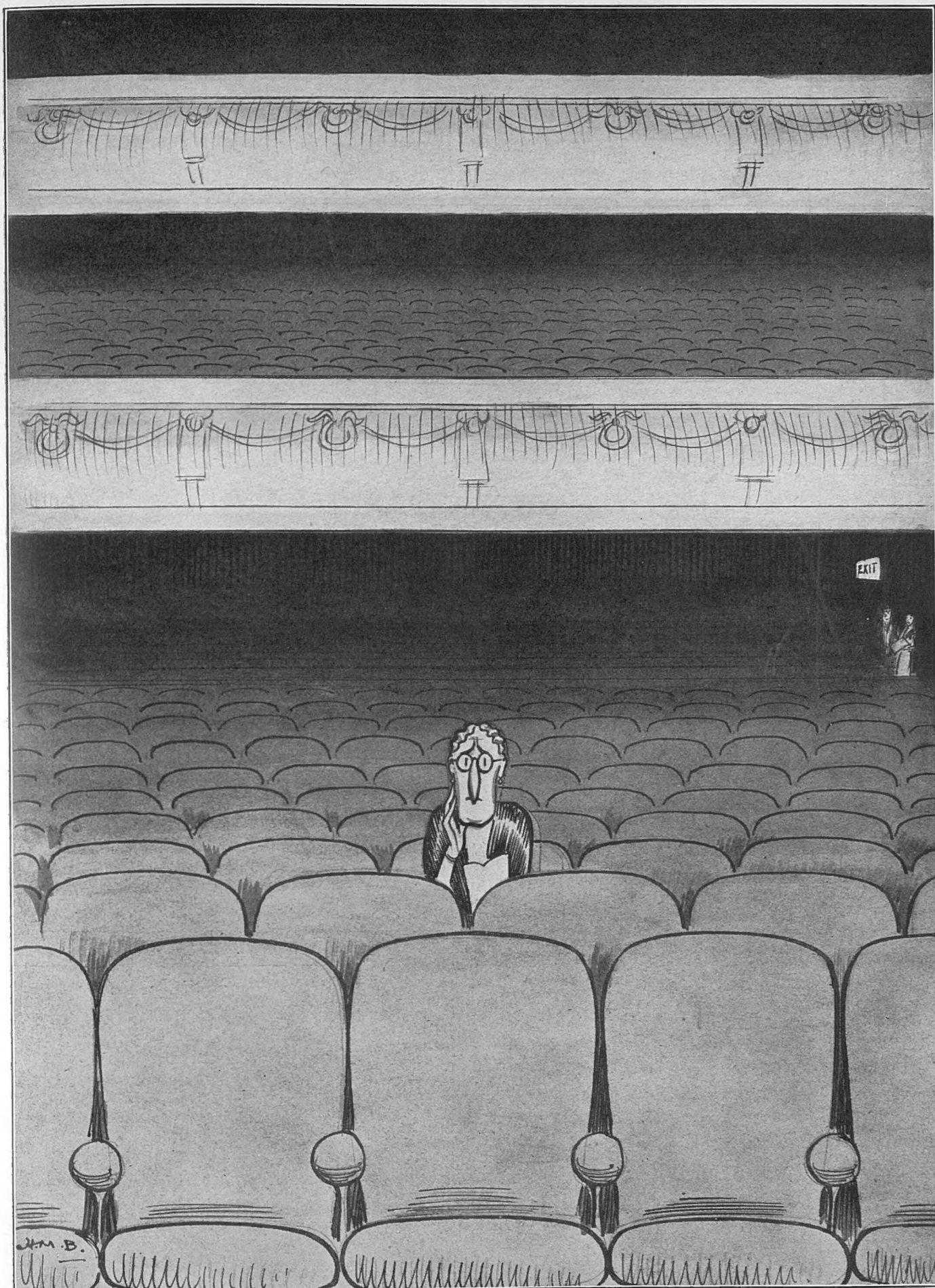


MRS. WILFRID ASHLEY

On the steps of her town house in Westminster, Gayfere House, which is one of the most artistic in all London. Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley, who is Colonel Wilfrid Ashley's second wife, was formerly the Hon. Mrs. Forbes-Sempill

The Christmas Presents Section of "The Tatler" this week appears in the front part of the paper. Great care has been exercised in the compilation of these pages, and it is hoped that it will enable our readers to solve the ever difficult problem of what to give this Christmas

The Christmas Number of "The Tatler" is Now On Sale, Price 2/-



THE SEXLESS PLAY

By H. M. Bateman

The Cinema

Baghdad, Miss Bennett, and Mr. Bernstein

By JAMES AGATE

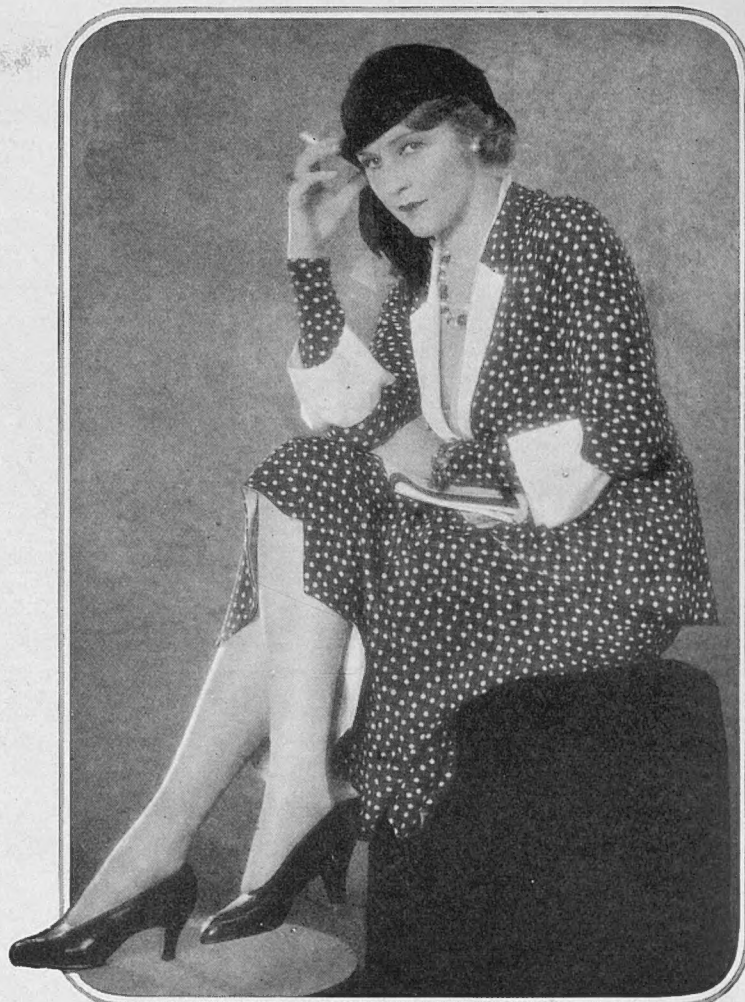
FIRST item in this week's budget is a letter from Baghdad from a young officer in the Border regiment, which makes me wonder whether, when that gallant regiment was founded, any border quite so far-flung as Iraq was contemplated. But that is by the way. The letter is so entertaining that I shall give it. Here it is:

The talkies have arrived in Baghdad. For weeks their advent has been heralded in "The Baghdad Times," and enthusiastic young 'Iraqi students have been writing letters published in the same paper acclaiming the progress and civilization of Iraq, and at the same time giving themselves a pat on the back. One of these students, a lady, was particularly pleased because, as she wrote, "We young Iraqis shall now be able to hear the English pronunciation which we have always found so difficult." Moreover, the young Iraqi fondly imagined that he was going to have a true insight into the ways of Britain. And then the talkies arrived. The first film, *The King of Jazz*, admirable film as it doubtless is, must have been a shock to that lady-student. Other early American talkies followed, and I cannot believe that the poor girl found them to be of great educational value. The combination of back-stage drama, exaggerated drunkenness, strange and unmoral behaviour of white women, crime, and the ceaseless American twang must have shaken the young 'Iraqi to the core. However, he lapped it up and loved it, though what he really thinks about it all it is difficult to conceive.

The apparatus in the cinema was none too good, or the jazz-band noises improved thereby. Nor were the ghastly American voices. I do not suppose that one quarter of the native audience understood a word or a note. And who can blame them? We have now been promoted to *Mickey Mouse* films. Thank heaven for that, for he is far and away the best talkie-star screened! The Arab audience thoroughly appreciated him, and his occasional vulgarities go down very well. Meanwhile I imagine the ambitious lady-student has committed suicide!

Comment on this letter is surely superfluous. Except, perhaps, one ought to say this, that films cannot be made with an eye to native and subject races who, like the French *bourgeoisie* from the time of Flaubert onwards, will have to put up with being *épaté'd*. It may be that British sermons on the superiority of the white race will lose some of their point with native chiefs whose women presumably do not dope, toy with gigolos while their husbands manipulate the hog market, exchange their virtue for perfectly matched pearls, or indulge in any of those foibles which make woman the apex of Creation. However, I regret to have to tell my correspondent that I am much too busy to bother about the effect of our films upon the Iraqi. They will get over it and, if in the process the Iraqi view of white civilization goes down a peg or two, I can only hope that they will be too polite to mention it.

In the meantime the daily papers and the more hysterical of our film gossips—yes, dear reader, Creation, which seems to be pretty busy this week, knows something one degree lower than the film critic—have been bidding me weep over the sad fate of the more famous Hollywood stars, who it appears are to have what was barely a livelihood cut down to a mere pittance. Thus Constance Bennett, who heads the list, is to have her salary cut from £6,000 a week to £4,500. At the risk of appearing like a combination of the late Mr. Justice Somebody and the still earlier Bard, I feel I must ask, Who is Constance and what is she that all her fans commend her? I have never to my knowledge either seen this artist, or read anything about her or the films she appears in which has made me want to see her. Her photograph at which I now gaze shows me "two grey eyes with lids to them; item—one neck, one chin, and so forth." In fact Olivia's complete schedule, except that instead of two lips, indifferent red, one should read a Cupid's bow, more perfect than any other human being's, and obviously plastered with lipstick, the whole looking about as spiritual as the average Ziegfeld Folly. Miss Bennett, of course, is extraordinarily bewitching. Doubtless every young woman would look like her if she could, and perhaps any young man gazing upon that swan is encouraged to make the most of that goose nestling up to him. But is Constance an actress? And where can I see her? For surely one who dabbles in film-criticism, to put it no higher than that, ought to have seen the highest-paid film star? But stay, a ghastly thought occurs to me. Have I seen her and forgotten? Constance's face, judged by that photograph at which I continually gaze, belongs, despite its pretty assemblage, to that



Cyril Stanborough

MISS MARY NEWCOMB IN "FRAIL WOMEN"

The charming American actress, who has made such a smashing success in the "Frail Women" film that Mr. Julius Hagen has signed her on for a year at Twickenham. In private life Miss Mary Newcomb is the wife of the Master of the Cattistock Hounds, Mr. A. Henry Higginson

described by the wit as "once seen, never remembered." My impression is that this highly-paid young lady always appears in films with non-committal titles—titles like *When Seas Divide* or *Gulfs Between*. I know these films long before I see them. They are films in which the same young woman gets herself into some dilemma or shoves herself into some lurch out of which anybody with the intelligence of a nurse girl would simply walk, but which costs our heroine the wildest paroxysms of extremest paranoia. Yes, I have seen Miss Bennett without realizing that it was she! And I hereby solemnly vow to visit the first film in which she next appears, with all the respect due to her salary, reduced though it is. I have an uncanny prescience in these matters and do not think that I shall mistake Constance for a Garbo or a Dietrich. Am I wrong in supposing that she is a better-class Clara Bow with less "It" and more "allure"? And now a still ghastlier thought occurs to me—suppose she should have more "It" and less "allure"!

Now a few lines about my dear friend, Mr. Sidney Bernstein, who pesters me with a questionnaire. He invites me to give the names of three male and three female talkie stars whom I like to see and hear. The answer is Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. And the rest is silence, or should be. Which film critic do I consider the most reliable? Answer: Don't be silly! Which silent films would I like to see revived? *Way Down East*, *Broken Blossoms*, *White Shadows of the South Sea*. Which stars have ceased to be my favourites since I heard them talk? All of them—but more particularly Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. Do I like an organ solo in each programme? Heavens, no! Or not until the organist can think of something besides that infamous "Prelude," that hackneyed "Nocturne," and that vile "Hungarian Rhapsody." My favourite film director, and which of his pictures I consider his best? D. W. Griffith and *Way Down East*. Mr. Bernstein, to conclude, asks my brief opinions of fifty popular films. My dear Sidney, the paper wouldn't print them!



MISS E. M. DELAFIELD

A snapshot of the well-known novelist on the steps of her home in Bloomsbury, London's "high-brow" quarter. Miss Delafield's delightful "Diary of a Provincial Lady" was a very best seller, and quite a lot of wives renamed their husbands "Robert" on the strength of it. In private life Miss Delafield is Mrs. Paul Dashwood

IN VARIOUS LOCALITIES

The Camera Presents
Interesting Pictures



LADY CONYERS, HER SISTER, MRS. GORDON COLMAN, AND MRS. GOLDIE

At the Belvoir's Eastwell Meet. A really first-rate day's sport followed. A fox was quickly away from Harby Hills, subsequently beating hounds just short of Hose Thorns after a hunt of over an hour, and there was more fun later from Thorpe Ashes. Mrs. Gordon Colman is an admirable Master's wife, and, by the same token, the wife of an admirable Master



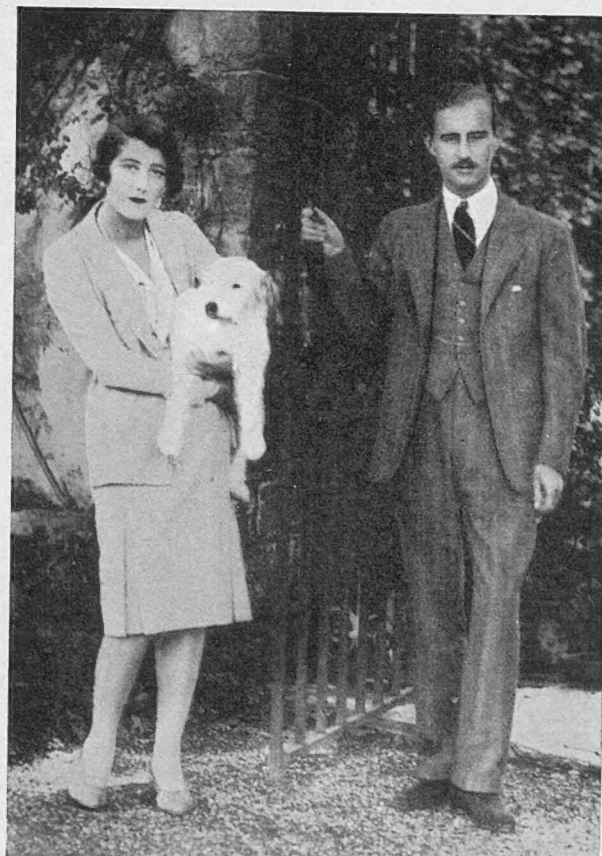
SIR RICHARD LEIGHTON AND HIS FIANCÉE

ALSO AT EASTWELL

Miss Marjorie Leigh talking to Mr. Charles Tonge, ex-Joint Master of the Duke of Rutland's Hounds, at last Wednesday's meet, and incidentally adding local colour to the scene with her scarlet beret and scarf to match. Mr. Tonge was recently married to Miss Hester Swan. They spent their honeymoon cub-hunting in the Free State

The engagement of Sir Richard Leighton (see left) to Miss Kathleen Lees, daughter of Major and Mrs. A. E. Lees of Rowton Castle, Shropshire, was announced last month. Sir Richard is second in command of the Shropshire Yeomanry, and served in the War with the R.A.F., being subsequently shot down and taken prisoner. His place, Loton Park, which adjoins that of his future father-in-law, has been in the family since the reign of Edward IV

The Hon. Mrs. Morogh Bernard (on the right), one of the latest recruits to the ranks of society shopkeepers, is the younger daughter of Lord Melville and married in 1929. Her husband is a kinsman of Lord Bandon



MR. AND THE HON. MRS. MOROGH BERNARD

ENGAGED AND MARRIED

People who have Featured
in Wedding Announcements



MR. AND MRS. CLIVE NUTTALL

Curling

Sir Keith Nuttall's only brother and his bride, formerly Miss Peggy Russell, who were married last week at Whippingham in the Isle of Wight. Sir Keith Nuttall's family firm, of which he is a director, is now concerned with the building of the Mersey Tunnel.

The engagement was recently announced of Major Montagu Brocas Burrows, the Inniskillings, to the clever younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward le Bas, who has made a real name for herself as a sculptor. History does not relate whether Sir Montagu Burrows' son is also artistically inclined, but he is very good at all athletic pursuits.



MISS MOLLY LE BAS AND HER FIANCE', MAJOR M. B. BURROWS

Massano



Bussano

MISS BARBARA ANSTRUTHER-GOUGH-CALTHORPE AND THE
HON. DIANA CARLETON

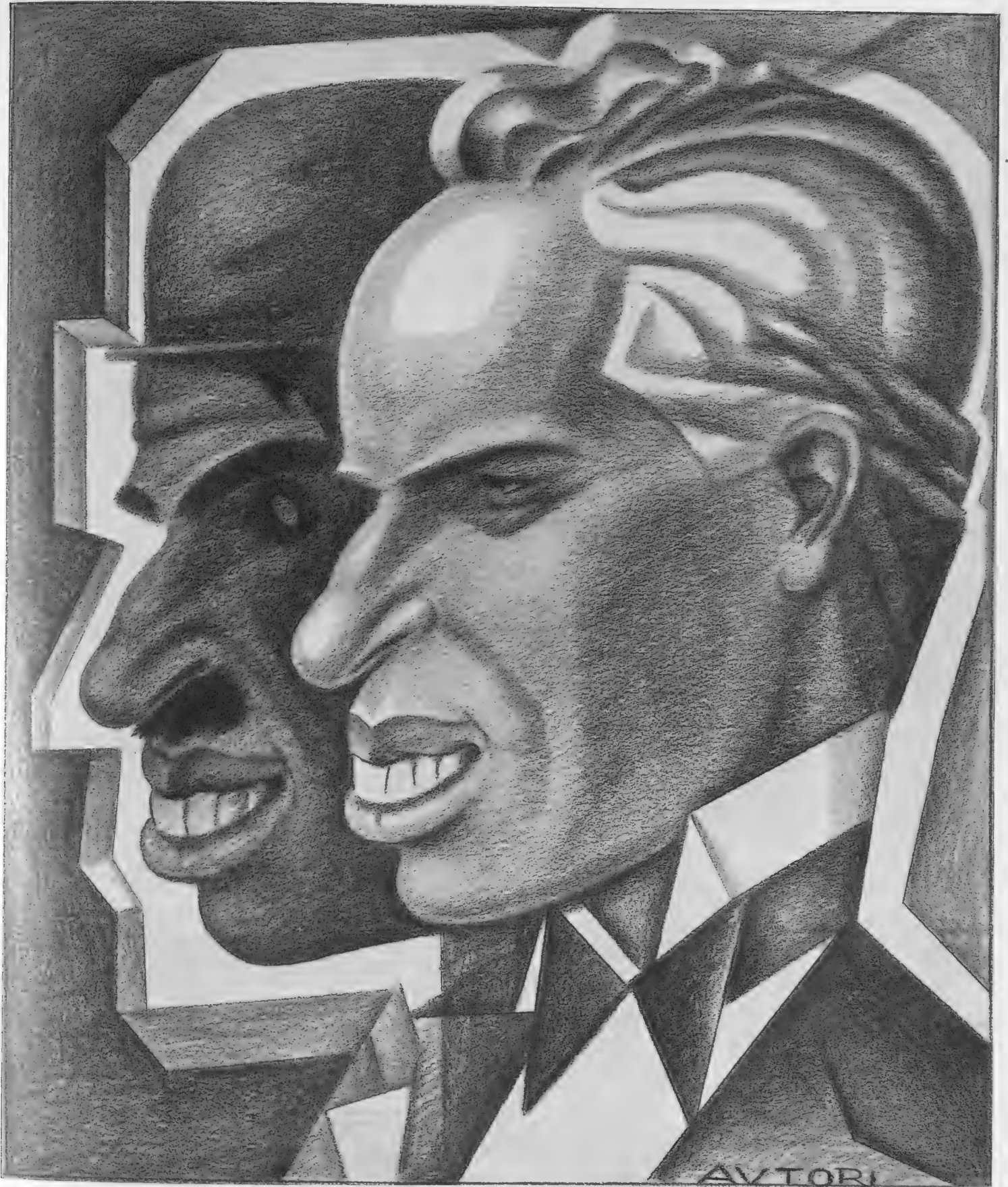
Two friends who followed the prevailing fashion by having a joint studio appointment. Sir Fitzroy and the Hon. Lady Anstruther-Gough-Calthorpe's younger daughter became engaged last month to the Hon. Ian Lawson-Johnston, eldest son of Lord and Lady Luke of Pavenham. Miss Carleton is Lord and Lady Dorchester's elder daughter, and came out last year.



Hay Wrightson

MISS BRIDGET NICKOLS

The new Lord Hindlip's fiancée, Miss Nickols, fair and very good company, is the daughter of the late Mr. Harold Nickols and half-sister of Claire Lady Manton. Her future husband, formerly the Hon. Samuel Allsopp, succeeded on the sudden death of his father last week.



"CHARLIE"—ON AND OFF

By Autori

The world at large had grown so accustomed to the little bowler hat avec the still smaller moustache, the baggy bags, the inimitable boots, and the little "Pop-" like cane, that when Mr. Charles Chaplin dared to come back amongst us as a little grey-haired man, with no moustache, a perfectly normal Billycock, and still more normal raiment, the world at large felt it was being done in the eye. It was almost a grievance, and if Charlie had but known, it is possible he might have come to us garbed as we know him best

With Silent Friends

By RICHARD KING

The Story of a Street.

JUST as Communism is often more a question of age than of argument, the young being notoriously prone to spring-clean the world, so it would seem that, as we grow older, we turn from the famous and the fabulous to a greater appreciation of Simpler Things. The Spring is never entirely "Spring" to the under-forties. Neither is a cosy evening over the fireside. Neither is a garden, nor being by oneself, nor the memory-haunted beauty of some quiet eventide. As a modern poet has said so beautifully:

Where there is faith there is love.
Where there is love there is peace.
Where there is peace there is God.
Where there is God there is no need.

And faith and love and peace and God play so small a necessary part in the spiritual outfit of the very young. And rightly so. They are still in the latter stages of that thralldom which, when we are very small indeed, expresses itself by seizing suddenly our parent's arm and crying, "Look, mummy. Look! *There's a monkey!*" As we grow older we find the thrilling revelation of Little Things. We are, metaphorically speaking, less entertained by those who frequent the more exclusive Ascot enclosures and more amused by the people sitting opposite us in a bus. Often our heart returns in its yearning to the environment which was ours when we were very young. We see it, so to speak, through new eyes, and what we thought was very ordinary and rather dull we discover had really a charm and loveliness which more resplendent circumstances have rarely revealed. We find that there is lots of fun in the very everyday. We no longer bemoan the fact that "nothing

happens," because it seems there is never a week when something does not happen—something which makes us want to cry or to laugh, to love or to hate; something which arouses our curiosity or dumfounds our calculations. Life is much more amusing, because we have discovered so many more aspects of it which amuse us. In our greater experience we have been able to level up—or down, whichever you prefer—the mighty and the lowly and to realize that the study of one is just as fruitful as the study of the other; and that both make up the absorbing story which is life. And so it is that we can read, for example, "Cranford" again and again, when the works of Scott are merely so many well-bound volumes on our library shelves. And so also it is that Jane Austen often comes into her own at last; whereas the novels of Michael Arlen soon resemble nothing so much as the dull affairs of the more decorative bores. And thus I prophesy that Compton Mackenzie's new novel, "Our Street" (Cassell, 7s. 6d.), will have a great success among readers over forty-ish. Nothing happens in it from beginning to end

which is likely to increase the blood pressure of anybody at any age. Which, of course, makes for peaceful brooding. Neither a murder, nor a seduction, nor a divorce. No fabulous virtue, nor any insufferable vice. Simply a rather charmingly written chronicle of a very ordinary West Kensington street as it was lived in by very ordinary people forty-fifty years ago. Such "small beer,"

but the taste it leaves behind is rather nice all the same. For, by way of memory, we can—or so it would seem—peep into every window and watch the various comedies and tragedies of life as they were enacted by those who, willingly or against their will, had perforce to take their part in some very ordinary little dramas. (That is to say, if any dramas are ordinary if you play a part in them.) And because it is also a chronicle of a boy's memory, only the happier, the more pleasantly amusing, the more tender aspects persist. But so vividly are these aspects revealed that to read the book is like being reintroduced to one's own more youthful associations. We may not have actually known the Locketts who lived at No. 3; nor the noisy Spink family who lived at No. 13; nor the eccentric painter who lived at No. 5; nor the great Miss Molyneux who lived at No. 17; but we have known people very much like them. And, although we may never have lived in West Kensington, "Our Street" was also very much like everybody else's street when, forty-fifty years ago, gentle-folk of limited means congregated to merge superficially, yet, being gentle-folk, to remain distinctly separate from the inner life of one another. That is, if you except the children. And thus Mr. Mackenzie has given us a simple, unostentatious, but pleasantly friendly little book, the charm of which lies not entirely in either its theme nor in its characterization, but in the perfect way by which he steeps you in a past which is not your own; and yet, while you are reading his book, makes you, nevertheless, seem to share with him his memory of the dead years. And, finally, let me add a word of praise to Magdalen Fraser, whose illustrated head-pieces and tail-pieces are so perfectly in the story's atmosphere.

More Glances Behind.

In Frances, Countess of Warwick's new volume of memoirs, "Afterthoughts" (Cassell, 18s.), we also move in much the same period as that covered by Compton Mackenzie in "Our Street." Only, of course, we are no longer in West Kensington. I doubt if we have ever heard of it. On the contrary, we are plunged into what was once known as the "Marlborough House set"; or, alternately, into a humanitarian Socialism which views that "set" rather as the lady who, lifting off her heavy diamond tiara, heaves a sigh of relief, thank God! Striving to be a humanitarian Socialist myself (though I must confess the ideal seems much more like an easily procurable Heaven as one sits in a luxurious arm-chair) I wonder if those pages which deal with King Edward, when Prince of Wales, and the "set" which followed inevitably in his wake wherever and whenever he happened to be enjoying his social being, will not be more eagerly read than those other pages in which Lady Warwick expounds her socialistic creed with the enthusiasm of one who was the

(Continued on p. 402)



THE SEÑORITA MARIA MELGAREJO
Y HEREDIA

The only daughter of the Count and Countess del Valle de San Juan, who will be married in Madrid on January 7 to Señor Don Pablo Merry del Val y Alzola, the second son of the late Spanish Ambassador in London, H.E. the Marquis Merry del Val, and the Marquesa Merry del Val. The Señorita Melgarejo comes from one of the oldest families of the aristocracy of the South-east of Spain



Poole, Dublin

LORD DUNSANY

A snapshot at Dunsany Castle, which is a very favourite meet of the Meath Hounds. The hunt ball is to be held at Dunsany again this season. Fox-hunting and play-writing do not always go in double harness, but they do in the case of Lord Dunsany—most successfully

“ YES, INDEED, NO ! ”

By GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.



Persuasive Salesman : You're sure there's nothing else you don't want mum ?

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

first to think of it. We are such secret snobs at heart. We would so like to burn down the houses of the decorative mighty, but only after we had been seen dining with them. And why, oh why does one always feel inclined to place one's forefinger knowingly to one's nose when one reads of a wealthy Socialist's dreams of a new world? It is so silly of us, because of course there is nothing quite so expensive to found as a New World. That is, if one would found it *all at once*, so to speak. As we poor plodding humans regard our income-tax assessments for 1931, we also feel as if we were paying for something—though goodness knows what it is—unless it be one of those new worlds in which only the incurably lowly can ever find a peaceful part. Still, nobody of any heart and feeling will quarrel with Lady Warwick's socialistic theories. Education *is* at the bottom of most of the world's troubles; but yet the fact stares us in the face that better education allround only seems to have enlarged the more useless "smatterings" and to have encouraged the young, metaphorically speaking, to put out their tongues as an alternative to touching their hats. Still, we are progressing, I suppose. And one day the time will come when a girl and boy leaving school will have mastered the first few steps of at least something by which they may at once earn their living and, in addition, will know how to cook, how to sew and mend, how to do simple house repairs and plumbing, as well as to realize that to heave a brick at Authority is no spiritual sign of Equality. So much, however, for Lady Warwick's somewhat expensive theories of Socialism in our time. No one could possibly quarrel with it on paper; except, perchance, her dislike for historical family mansions and all that they represent. They may, perhaps, from the purely socialistic point of view, be entirely unworthy; on the other hand, they do represent a certain "beauty," and so, although a house-painter and decorator may be more useful as a neighbour, the lovely, useless work of the genius of Reynolds, Romney, and all the great artists of every era is of value—even though one has to pay for it. Like so many Socialists, Lady Warwick seems always to be mistaking the house for the inmates and the inmates for the house, becoming extremely angry as one or the other fail in her own pet purpose. Still, hers is a definite point of view and most social biographers have no point of view at all above a dinner-party. She has met and often knew intimately all the great social figures of Edwardian times; including, of course, King Edward himself. Of these people and the things they represented and the lives they led, she draws some memorable pictures. In one chapter she even suggests that the Entente Cordiale was less due to King Edward's love of France than his innate dislike for the Kaiser, coupled with their mutual rivalry in kingship. Which will certainly cast yet another perplexity into that maze which is written history. But all the way through her new book (which, by the way, cried to be "profusely illustrated," but contains only a charming frontispiece of the Countess herself) she has something to say, something of interest to impart. She has known so many famous people, she has moved for so many years in at least a socially important world; she is, as everyone knows, a woman who knows her own mind and moreover knows how to express it. She could not possibly write an uninteresting book if she tried. She has certainly not done so in "Afterthoughts." Apart from politics, it gives us a wonderful picture of what, perhaps, were the Last Great Years of an inherited aristocracy.



EUGENE GOOSSENS

An impression of the great operatic conductor which was gathered by Autori not so long ago. Wherever music has been mentioned these many years past the name of Goossens has been connected with it, for Goossens père was for many years conductor of the Carl Rosa Opera Company. Goossens, junr., is, as the music world knows, also a good composer

Gleanings from "Afterthoughts."

"Those who close their ears to the voice of youth close them to progress."

"For every inquiry into existing conditions, one outstanding, undeniable truth issues—the world has sufficient wealth to clothe the naked and feed the hungry."

"We have forged our own chains, and although they grip us strongly still we are becoming increasingly aware that they are chains, and that they are of our own making."

"Mere criticism of the past as of the present can do no good itself; we need construction, and that can only come from education and opportunity."

We Move to Pleasant Places.

Namely, to Melchester and to the two orphan sisters who lived in a cottage there. No wonder Miss Marjorie Warby calls her novel "Love in Little Melchester" (Mills and Boon. 7s. 6d.), because both her heroines, Kathie and Flip, are young and charming, and so, when a nice man came to the door and asked them if they served "teas," Kathie "clicked." Tony, for that inevitably was the young man's name, was an "adopted," but very wealthily adopted son, and by a widow. He had come to Melchester to see his friend Rufus who had just been seized with that optimism which runs to a poultry farm. The presence of Rufus in the district eventually accounts for the future of Flip, but not, however, until she had disguised herself as a boy and been employed by him; he, of course, seeing through her disguise and punishing her in that he-man way which nice, jolly, country-loving heroines are supposed to love. A light but pleasant novel this, with plenty of incident. It can be enjoyed in that happy state of mind which knows instinctively that everything is going to be all right for everybody, except the wicked, in the end.

The Next Best Thing.

In these days, when it is not patriotic to cast one's mental vision farther afield than Cornwall-for-the-Winter, I can imagine no more delightful book to take with one to that Delectable Duchy or elsewhere than "The Traveller's Companion" (Bell. 7s. 6d.), compiled by Paul and Millicent Bloomfield. Or, for that matter, it is just as delightful if-perforce you have to stay at home with nothing more delectable in view than your income-tax return. It is an anthology of the mood of travellers—and a most "unexpected" one—which, of course, should be the great virtue of all anthologies. Enthusiasm, indignation, boredom, delight, disillusion, pompousness, gay wonder—all are reflected in the book, the extracts culled from many sources; from Coleridge to Stella Benson via Aldous Huxley, Samuel Butler, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Murray's Guides, to mention but a few who have been called in to make up this unconventional volume. It is all so gay, because even the sententious, as in life, "guy"

themselves. The book is divided into sections—on travelling, travellers, kind and unkind; nature, food, information, women and cities, impressions. And most of these sections are again divided into countries—so that we get Lady Blessington on Florence as well as Tchekov on Rome, Leonard Woolf on Spain, and Hans Andersen on Granada. The construction of the book is rather on the plan of the famous "Week-end Book," which means that there is a little something wise or amusing of everything, and nothing too much of anything. You can pick it up, open it where you will, and be sure to find something either interesting, amusing, or both—generally both. Let me add that it is illustrated by decorations executed by Rex Whistler which, for me, always mean the happiest introduction to any book.

A BILL OF THE PLAYS



FOR "THE MERRY WIDOW": MISS HELEN GILLILAND MRS. NELLES AND HER DAUGHTER, JUDY

Dorothy Widing



Janet Jevons
OUR PRINCIPAL BOY.
MISS DOROTHY WARD



MISS GRACIE FIELDS IN "WALK THIS WAY"

"The Merry Widow" in the forthcoming revival is pretty Miss Helen Gilliland of D'Oyly Carte Opera Company fame, and she will have with her George Graves in his old part of Popoff and Carl Brisson as Danilo, a part he played in the 1923 revival at Daly's. After two weeks at the Streatham Hill Theatre opening on Boxing Day, the great old musical comedy comes to the West End of London. Miss Dorothy Ward, still quite unapproached as our pantomime's most attractive principal boy, is to be the young hero in the Julian Wylie pantomime, "Queen of Hearts," in Leeds. Miss Dorothy Ward has been at Daly's for the last nine months, and goes back in the spring to play in "The Duchess of Danzig." She won the silver cup for the most popular actress at Daly's in 1931 by 3,000 votes. The quite inimitable Gracie Fields, to London's great delight, comes back to her at the Winter Garden on December 17 in "Walk This Way," and everyone hopes she'll bring a "coople o' dooks" with her



WITH THE MEATH: THE HON. RANDAL PLUNKETT AND MRS. WILKINSON

A snapshot when the Meath met at Dunsany Castle last week. The Hon. Randal Plunkett is Lord Dunsany's son, and is on leave from India. He was formerly in the 16/5 Lancers, and has now gone to the Indian Cavalry. Mrs. Wilkinson is very well known in the Meath country, and is a frequent performer in point-to-points

working beautifully. Rob will have to dock Anita's corn if she continues to leap bigger than her horse. The Cottessmore had a bye day at Burrough on Wednesday and, in spite of meticulously avoiding all debateable coverts, found a Cottessmore fox with so little knowledge of maps, ancient and modern, that he gave us a delightful hunt over the most delectable bit of Quorn country round Great Dalby.

Friday with the Quorn I enjoyed. It is years since we have had such good foxes in Barkby Holt. As usual two were away at once, and the field who galloped to the first holl'a got badly left. Those of us who got away had a grand time to Brooksby. Poor Charlie Cartwright had terrible luck in smashing a leg, caused, I'm told, by somebody jumping nearly into him as he was about to remount. I saw Rob Strawbridge nearly have the same accident. He had a foot in the stirrup when, to avoid being knocked over by a girl coming through the gap he'd made, he had to loose his horse and run for his life. Surely the people who won't take their own line, when their pilots fall might wait until they have

FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES

From Leicestershire

Monday was not a good day, but the afternoon from Grimston Gorse was quite fun. Flash can afford to do swallow dives into his hat, but I thought Carlos was taking a risk when I saw him do it a short while ago. I feel only a personal visit would persuade Lock to post him another hat.

Tuesday morning from Tilton to Quenby via Botany Bay was a good hunt, h o u n d s

remounted before using the gap they have made; or is it too much to expect manners in the hunting field?

Saturday from Wild's Lodge was too disappointing to comment upon. Poor Marge got a ducking, and I would suggest to Tom that when the girl gets off to open the gate for him, it is better not to trample on her first and abuse her afterwards!

From the Beaufort

As November rings down her curtain, I suppose it's hard to recollect a better scenting or more enjoyable one for many years. Those who prefer the sun have had it and also the sport, and no wonder the gallant "M.P." discarded his waistcoat when he mounted his second horse after that good gallop in the Sodbury Vale. May we suggest as a Christmas present (from an ardent supporter in his constituency), a pair of new braces! On Monday from Swallets Gate scent was none too good and foxes could never be pressed on.

On Tuesday, as usual, His Grace and his lady pack gave us quite a good day's sport, and a large field reaped the benefit. One (if not two) of those new "Blue and Buffs" were christened, but why choose those rails? Sir Audley and foxes were in force for our rendez-vous at Grittleton on Wednesday, and no wonder "Tom" thought he was back at the annual Badminton Show and Carnival on the merry-go-rounds, the way they ran. However, after endless circles two brace of vulps were brought to book.

Friday provided a real good gallop from "Herbert's" withy-bed, and no one enjoyed it more than Her Grace, and I feel sure we can congratulate ourselves on the young generation, who went the best. "June" must have another pony for the winter sport! We congratulate the energetic young ladies from Tetbury way for getting up the Hospital Ball at Westonbirt in the early year, and wish them every success; no doubt this will help to take the place of our Hunt function!

From the Fernie

Sport from our Bruntingthorpe meet was enjoyed by a large field, the Pytchley and Atherstone increasing the gathering. A call was made on Gilmorton Covert and a fox forced away. Night though short was sufficient to give some of us a thrill. The heavyweight on the black horse broke his reins, and several of the brave bought their bit of land. The aeronaut had also apparently crashed. Our hardest and most sporting of horse-women, although debarred from hunting at the moment, followed over the muddiest lanes in a baby car, courting disaster in the deep going. Such ardour cannot be beaten. The McDougals had a school over the country on their own account. Charlie's Gorse is still a sure find, but the inmates are certainly elusive. An afternoon hunt from John Ball sent us over the point-to-point course to Saddington, and it took some lepping. The fox went on to Smeeton Gorse and Gumley and was finally rolled over at Saddington Reservoir. A good sixty minutes.

The Tur Langton day was void of good scent;

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WITH THE MIDDLETON AT KIRKHAM ABBEY

Kirkham is Major Radcliffe-Brotherton's home, and in the picture are Lord Middleton, who is one of the committee and a field master, the Hon. Hermione Middleton, his small daughter, Major Radcliffe-Brotherton, and Lord Irwin, late Viceroy of India, another of the field masters, and member of the Hunt committee. Lord Grimthorpe and Major Clive Behrens are the other members of the committee which took over from Colonel Peach Borwick this season



A HALF-WAY HOUSE FOR THE SWALLOWS

By Charles Pears



GREETINGS
FROM
DUNLOP



C.F.H. 1238



Eva Barrett, Rome

H.M. THE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS AT THE CHATEAU OF LAEKEN

Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth of the Belgians enjoys the quite justly-earned reputation of being the best dressed Royalty in the world, and her artistic taste is also reflected in the beautiful Château of Laeken, near Brussels, where many members of the Royal house of Belgium have been born. The interior furniture and decoration of Laeken are entirely Her Majesty's own and the general scheme is worked out in the pastel shades of which the Queen is so fond. The room in which this picture was taken has pale grey tapestry hangings relieved by gold and splashes of colour, and on the floor are many white bear-skin rugs which tone in admirably with the rest of the colour scheme.

PRISCILLA IN PARIS



Mlle. ALICE COCEA, ONE OF THE MOST ATTRACTIVE ACTRESSES ON THE PARISIAN STAGE

D'Ora, Paris

A charmingly posed picture of the famous young actress in a dress which is almost as attractive as its wearer. Quite apart from her physical advantages, Mlle. Alice Coccea is possessed of a very definite talent, and is rated highly by the always critical Paris. In private life Mlle Alice Coccea is the Comtesse Stanislaus de la Rochefoucauld, her husband being a lineal descendant of the famous author of the "Maximes Morales"

TRÈS CHER,—Although I try to keep myself *au courant* with what happens in London by reading the delightful cinema criticisms of a plump and surly but most erudite *confrère*, I cannot remember whether Pabst's screen version of the *Beggar's Opera* has yet reached you. I have a feeling, however, that it has not yet crossed what we are pleased, in this country, to call "the Sleeve," and I propose to risk being tedious (if you have, after all, seen this remarkable film) in telling you what a very pleasant 2.30-4.15 I passed at the Ursulines Cinema Theatre the other afternoon.

I know nothing about Gay's opera. I did not see it in London; and when an umph-rate company came over here with it I do NOT blush to say that I walked out after the first act. The young women who played in it seemed so proud of having mastered the deepest curtsies, and they showed off their accomplishment by bobbing up and down so frequently, that I became giddy as well as bored.

Neither did I see Gaston Baty's much-discussed production readapted from a German adaptation, and played in a modern setting and modern clothes. I was away at the time, and it had but a very short run. All this to explain why Pabst's effort comes to me as something new and enchanting . . . and also why I may appear to be writing about something very different from the *Beggar's Opera*—the real one—that, I gather, London went loony about. There are two versions of *l'Opéra de Quat' Sous* (which is the French title), a German and a French one.

The Ursulines are running them both. In the French version, which opens the afternoon performance, Albert Préjean (of *Les Toits de Paris* fame) plays the rôle of Mackie, and Florelle, whose first big part this is, is Polly Peachum. Her appearance is so exactly right for the character, as Pabst conceives it, that even if her acting were not the perfect thing it is, one could forgive her everything—even bobbing, but thanks be, there isn't a curtsy in the whole show—for the sake of the curious mixture of sophistication and innocence that her plaintive little face with its widely set-apart eyes, expresses.

Pabst has situated his film somewhere around the eighteen nineties if one may believe the costumes, and his pictures are magnificent Toulouse-Lautrecs where they are not Rops.

The French Censor banned this film for many months. We shall never know quite why! The scenes in the brothel (put a dash, dear Printer, if you *must*, and call it House of Ill Fame) are not likely to bring the blush of embarrassment to the average modern maiden's cheek, and indeed I find the revengeful Frail in her working clothes—a be-ribboned peignoir, a frilly petticoat that almost sweeps the floor, and a stiff black satin corset—far less suggestive than the slimy-eyed Vamp who writhes upon the Hollywood divans and exudes sex-appeal through every pore!

The photography is marvellous. Instinctively I muffled my nose in my handkerchief to keep out the smell of the damp fog of a Thames-side winter dusk.

The grimly advancing, slowly trampling crowds of the halt and blind who break up the Coronation Procession (but Pabst had better cut the vision of terrified Royalty before the film is shown in London) give one an even greater impression of relentless force than the multitudes in "Metropolis."

Every type is perfectly chosen for its purpose, and I think I shall find it hard to forget the old showman who chants, to the melancholy wail of a hurdy-gurdy, the haunting, many-versed song that comments on the action of the play.

The Ursulines theatre is in the Latin quarter, a few hundred yards from the Boulevard St. Michel. It was quite whiles since I had been in that part of the world, and as I was due at a *première* at the Noctambules that evening I stayed there and bummelled about a bit. How quickly the hours pass while one rummages through the trays of the book shops under the arcades of the Odéon! Nothing has changed there and I vow I saw the same illustrated copy (a vile edition!) of "Sapho," that I once coveted in my youth but that I could not buy because of the presence of a disapproving governess! But where are the untidy students of old with their floppy ties and coats and hat brims? The only thing that flops nowadays are their damnable plus-fours, which they all wear, and that make them all look alike to me.

—With love, Très Cher, PRISCILLA.

*Abel, Paris*

INSPIRED BY A POEM: Mlle. THAMARA SWIRSKAYA

The delicate grace of a noted Russian dancer registered by the camera while she was expressing in ballet form the "Valse des Roses" written by the well-known Rumanian poet, Marie Jonescu. Mlle. Swirskaya recently went to America and, as it happened, travelled in the same liner as the French Prime Minister, M. Laval, when he was on his way to confer with President Hoover. To the great delight of her fellow-passengers she was persuaded to dance for their benefit during the voyage, and M. Laval honoured her by offering personal congratulations on her artistry.

QUORN, COTTESMORE, AND FITZWILLIAM TRYSTS



LADY NUTTING AND MRS. KELLETT
AT THE QUORN'S BARSBY MEET



AT WILD'S LODGE: CAPTAIN
AND MRS. GERARD LEIGH



MISS MONICA SHERIFFE AND COMMANDER
COLIN BUIST ALSO WITH THE COTTESMORE



LORD BURGHEY WITH THE FITZWILLIAM
WHEN THEY MET AT GIDDING WINDMILL



MR. AND MRS. JAMES BAIRD AND THEIR DAUGHTER LAVINIA
AND THE HON. MRS. GILBERT GREENALL AT WILD'S LODGE

The results of photographic activities in Leicestershire and the Fitzwilliam country are shown on this page. Though Lady Nutting does not hunt herself these days she takes the greatest interest in Quorn doings. They had a capital day from Barsby, a fox from Barkby Holt providing extra good fun. The Cottesmore's Wild's Lodge fixture was a big one, but subsequent operations proved disappointing, and Miss Monica Sheriffe did not miss much by being on foot for once. Commander Colin Buist is a brother-in-law of Mrs. Freddie Cripps. Mr. James Baird needs no introduction as the ex-Master of the Cottesmore. Lord Burghley, who won Peterborough for the Government at the General Election, is taking his political duties very seriously, but occasionally manages to get a hunt on a Saturday

MATER PULCHRA FILIA . . . ?



MISS GLADYS COOPER (LADY PEARSON) AND HER DAUGHTER "SALLY"

Sir Neville and Lady Pearson's particularly attractive daughter will be two years old to-morrow—and there be some optimists who say that she will be more beautiful than her mother, whom, as will be observed, she greatly resembles. There will be no justifiable cause of complaint if Sally grows up to be half as good-looking as her female parent. Miss Gladys Cooper's recent book, an autobiography, was reviewed recently in this paper, so that there is not much more that need now be said, excepting that everyone who has read it will be bound to admit that its principal charm is its directness and complete lack of affectation, or what is known as frills. Miss Gladys Cooper is still making a big success of the wicked lady, Kitty Fane, in that engrossing play, "The Painted Veil," at the Playhouse, which has played to capacity from its first night in mid-September.

Photographs by Dorothy Wilding, Old Bond Street

THE PASSING SHOWS

Variety Revisited, at the Victoria Palace and Palladium



"RHYTHM-A-TI-TIS"

Mr. Jack Payne and his boys delivering the goods at the Palladium

"HE that is giddy thinks the world turns round. . . ."
I thought so myself at the Palladium when one of Mr. Jack Payne's specialists in the shawm, sackbut, psaltery, saxophone or other crumpled horn, I hadn't time to notice which, sprang from his lair like a panther roused

from sleep and proceeded to turn himself into a catherine wheel, what time six whirling spot limes focused their beams upon him, so that he looked like a dancing dervish in a snowstorm.

During the forty minutes or so which are allotted to the Hyltons, the Paynes, and those other Captains of Jazz, the orchestra proper very properly go out and have one—or do one, meaning, of course, a cross-word puzzle. After you have repeated a waltz refrain twenty-five times for the acrobats (until that sudden roll on the drum indicates

the supreme moment when the lady in spangled tights is about to court destruction for herself and her relations), this can be no bad thing.

Does the double-bass player during these respites ever find solace, I wonder, in the thought that his job is to embrace his instrument round the waist with one hand and massage its middle, gently or fiercely, with the other? Whereas the young gentleman on the stage who, a moment ago, was blowing the dust out of a brass foghorn, with a straw hat or other form of silencer on the end of it, is expected to be an acrobatic dancer as well as a musician. If he can't dance he must be prepared to rush down to the footlights, with or without a false moustache and a comic hat two sizes too small, and burst into song. Well, when I say burst . . .

In the days before Ethel Levey stormed the town and "Alexander's Ragtime Band" syncopated the barrel-organs, singing implied a free use of the vocal chords. But that sort of cave-man stuff is



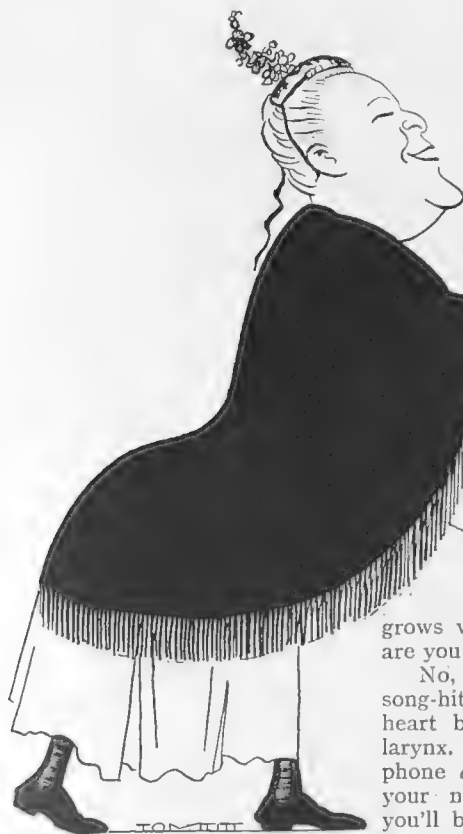
A CLOWN IN CLOVER

Walter Nillsson on one of his uni-cycles



MR. LANSBURY, PLEASE NOTE

The case for more Sun-bathing in the Public Parks, ably presented by Ben Osborne and Nellie Perryer



"UP COMES MOTHER BROWN WITH ANOTHER ONE"

Miss Lily Morris at the top of her form at the Victoria Palace

painfully *démodé*. The old songs may have called for it, but the popular ditties of to-day are wafted from the mud swamps of Dixie or the tenelements of Harlem on a wistful and lamenting wind. How can a bull-voice and lungs like bellows transmit the sob-urge of "My baby's just wasting away," "Sobbing for love," "Couldn't help killing that girl," "Mammy, your hair

grows whiter, but why, oh why, are you blue?"

No, sir, it can't be done. Our song-hits need no belch from the heart but a whisper from the larynx. If you can play the saxophone and bleat gently through your nose, some day, my son, you'll be a whispering baritone, a crooning tenor, or a sexless alto, and Mr. Jack Payne, if he's not too busy ruling the waves, will perhaps give you an audition at Savoy Hill.

If Mr. Payne thinks I don't like his band he's wrong. I admire them immensely when they don't bleat, whisper, or croon. The moral copyright of this technique belongs to America. Messrs. Rudy Vallée, Jack Smith, and other humming birds touch my heart on half throttle in a way that their imitators can never achieve. Moreover, I suggest that to come down to the footlights and expose the face to a cascade of lime-light imposes too severe a strain on any young man whose mission in life is the tenor saxophone. No one writes Mr. Owen Nares down as a failure because he is no trap-drummer. Mr. Payne and his "boys," aided by inexhaustible comic business and even a strip of real film, know so many tricks of the trade that no verdict is needed on their technical accomplishments. I merely plead for the "tired business man" when I crave for gentler cadences and less of what the initiated describe as "raspberry noises." My plea was wasted, for if Mr. Payne had yielded to encores he would be still holding the Palladium stage.

By way of a change band-fans should make a bee line for whatever music-hall Alfredo and his Vagabonds are adorning

the current week's bill. Where Mr. Payne stations five saxophones Alfredo replies with five violins, not including himself. His henchmen are Tziganian, Hungarian, Tyrolean, and everything else that is picturesquely Vagabondian. Their headgear is mostly coloured handkerchiefs; trousers are worn bell-shaped or baggy with Russian boots; the scenery is *Rio Rita* with a dash of the Pyrenees; and between the Vagabond with the huge white concertina, the Vagabond with the early Victorian-looking harmonium, and the Vagabond with an instrument on legs that looks as if it had been home-made in Romeny, there is little to choose in zeal and execution. The swirl of a Hungarian dance, the crescendo lilt of a Strauss waltz and, of course, a few bars of "The Volga Boatmen"—that is the Alfredo recipe. Saxophones and jazz are missing. This band plays with a fire and fervour which are not merely refreshing but positively intoxicating. More power to them.

At both my ports of call, the Victoria Palace and the Palladium, remarkably good bills were on tap. At the V.P. one got full measure—a bit of everything, in fact, except performing animals. The Harold Brothers, if a trifle slow off the mark, held some inspiring long-arm balances on a bicycle mounted on a trapeze. Mr. Claud Lester, assisted by Miss Doreen André, exploited a pair of thin legs and an endless supply of those jokes which a music-hall audience never fails to gobble up. "Didn't I see you last night in the Queen's Arms?"—"Yes, but don't tell the king."

(Continued on p. vi)



"ONE ARM ROUND MARY AND THE OTHER AROUND HER MA"

Mr. Randolph Sutton taking the audience into his vocal confidence



"THAT'S MUSIC—THAT WAS"—AND NO JAZZ EITHER

Spirited and infectious playing by the very latest band, Alfredo, of Prince's fame, and his Vagabonds, who made their début recently at the Victoria Palace

A FAMILY GATHERING

Lady Violet Benson and Her Younger Sons



LADY VIOLET
BENSON



WITH NICHOLAS, BARNABY, AND JEREMY

The Duke of Rutland's sister has every reason to be proud of her five sons, for they all inherit the traditional good looks of the Manners family. The three younger ones, with whom she was recently photographed, are by her second marriage with Mr. Guy Benson, and their ages range from nine to six. Her first-born, who became Lord Elcho when his father was killed in action in 1916, comes of age the year after next. His brother, the Hon. Martin Charteris, is eighteen. Mr. and Lady Violet Benson do a lot of entertaining at their attractive house in Montagu Square.

*Photographs by
Hay Wrightson,
New Bond Street*



"COME ON, THE LOT OF YER! WHO'S AFRAID?"

By C. Ambler



CLAYMORE!—HIGHLANDERS CHARGING

By Lionel

The Battle of Falkirk, January 17, 1746, was fought in the dusk of a wet and windy winter's day. It is remarkable for being as successful then against cavalry as it was on other occasions against musket and bayonet. Falkirk was really a rearguard action, the rout of Culloden (April 16, 1746). Neither Falkirk nor Culloden are battle honours borne by



CAVALRY AT THE BATTLE OF FALKIRK

wards, R.I.

one of the few historical occasions on which infantry charged cavalry. The dreaded claymore of Prince Charles' Highlanders action fought to check Cumberland, who was in hot pursuit. It did definitely check him, but it was the last flicker before British regiment, and who would want to include the latter anyway in view of what happened?



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**Player's
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THOSE WHO DELIGHT IN THE OPEN
AIR ARE ATTRACTED BY THE COOL
SWEET FRAGRANCE OF PLAYER'S

NEEDS

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The World is in Need of Christmas

... The world is hungry for encouragement ... for kindness ... for beauty. Now is the time to spread happiness as far and as wide as we can reach. The spirit of giving should be interpreted with greater beauty than ever. Every gift should be itself a messenger of beauty ... and joy ... and romance ... for the loveliest things in life come only when we most freely give our treasures of affection



★ LUXURIES FOR THE BATH ... The two lovely glass jars contain Powdered Bath Salts scented with Ambre, Allamanda, Jasmine, Rose Geranium, or Russian Pine. 12/6 the jar. Three cakes of exquisitely smooth, delicately fragrant Elizabeth Arden soap, in a box that will make a charming jewel case afterwards, are a fascinating gift. Jasmine, Allamanda, Ambre, Rose, Geranium. 10/6 for three cakes. For the first time Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Dusting Powder is shown in its new coloured glazed box, and exceedingly attractive it is. The fluffy puff has a satin ribbon band for the hand to slip through. Perfumed to match the soaps 21/-



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PARIS

BERLIN

ROME

Bubble and Squeak

WHILE motoring in the country Jones came to a ford. Being unable to tell the depths of the muddy water, he inquired of a near-by farm lad, "Is the water very deep? Would it hurt my car to go through it?"

The boy shook his head.

"Why, no, sorr," he replied, "'tis only a couple o' inches or so."

Jones thanked him and sent his car forward. By the time he got into the middle of the ford, the water was almost over his radiator.

Turning in his seat, he shook his head furiously at the boy.

"You young rascal!" he shouted. "I thought you said this stream wasn't deep."

The boy looked at the man in surprise.

"Well, it only comes half-way up to Farmer Giles's ducks," he replied, innocently.

A Hollywood film-actor with a grouse was bitten by a dog one day, and when examined by the doctor was told that the matter was very serious, as obviously the dog had been suffering from rabies.

"All right," said the patient, "hand-me a pen and paper."

"Say," said the doctor, "I don't expect there's any necessity for making your will yet."

"I'm not making a will," said the actor, "but only a list of some movie people I'm going to bite."

* *

The lady novice at driving arrived at a series of automatic light signals which were against her. She went on, and a policeman, springing on to the footboard, shouted at her: "Didn't you see the word 'Stop'? Can you read?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, as she continued to grip the wheel convulsively, "I can read all right . . . but I can't stop."

* *

"What do you think of our mural tablets?" asked the cathedral verger.

"W a a l," drawled the American visitor, "I put a penny in the box over there, but nothing came out; so I guess I didn't get a chance to try them."



MILA CIRUL

The young prima ballerina of the Berlin State Opera gave her first dance recital in Paris at the Théâtre Montparnasse. The house was packed out, and it was not surprising therefore that a second barrel was demanded, and a third recital promptly booked for the Théâtre des Champs Elysées



VICKI BAUM, AUTHORESS OF "GRAND HOTEL"

The famous young authoress of the "Grand" play—a high-speed bustle—which is having such a succès at the Adelphi, has arrived in London, but this picture was taken at a sylvan retreat she owns in Hollywood, Cal. H.R.H. the Duchess of York attended a matinée of "Grand Hotel" last week

On arriving at his office Gates discovered that he had left his pocket-book at home.

"Jane," he said over the telephone to the maid, "I left my pocket-book in the inside pocket of my dress-suit last night, and now I can't find it. Have you seen it anywhere?"

"No, sir," replied the girl. "The mistress put your clothes away this morning."

"Where is Mrs. Gates now?" asked the worried husband.

"She went out shopping immediately after breakfast, sir."

* *

A couple of actors met in the street not far from a hostelry well-esteemed by the profession.

Said one, "Well, what about a bottle of beer?"

"No," answered the other stubbornly, "I've decided not to pay another penny on the pint."

"Quite right," said the first, and then after an uneasy pause he said, "at the same time, old boy, I question if it is right of us to desert the old country in the moment of her direst need."

"Well," said the other, "if you put it like that, I'm hanged if anyone will call me a deserter. Come on in."

* *

The referee in a village match was undecided whether a foul had been committed within the penalty area or outside it. The skipper of the aggrieved team approached and said threateningly: "Nah then, mister, wot's it goin' to be? Inside, outside, offside, or bloomin' 'omicide?"

* *

Sandy was the proud owner of a new cash register in his village store. Soon after its installation an old friend came into the shop and bought some tobacco, and noticed that Sandy pocketed the money instead of putting it into the register.

"Why don't you ring it up?" he asked. "You'll be forgetting it."

"Oh, I'll nae forget it," replied Sandy. "Ye ken I keep count in my head until I get five shillings, and then I ring it up. It saves the wear and tear of the machine."

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ESSENCES, THIS TENACIOUS
PERFUME EXHALES ITS PERFECTION
AFTER A PERIOD OF EVAPORATION

HOUBIGANT
PARIS

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

By "SABRETACHE"

"Finding at Byard's Leap, hounds came away over Fulbeck Heath . . ." and so forth.

I do not suppose this sentence says anything to anyone who does not know anything about Lincolnshire witches, the Devil, and who, and what, "Byard" was? But I will tell you, because I have been in them parts (the Belvoir country), seen the marks (horse-shoes) where Byard landed, believe in witches, and have at any rate a nodding acquaintance with the Other Party just mentioned. Now "Byard" was a horse, and a blind 'un at that, and, so far as I have been able to trace the facts, he belonged to the chief vassal of a Baron of the period who, like most Barons in those times, was both bold and very bad. The Baron, who had married a lady much older than himself, because of the bags of pieces of eight of which her *dot* consisted, had had a charming cousin from the more or less neighbouring town of Melton Mowbray staying with him and his rather hairy-chinned Baroness. The cousin (name of "Dahlia") was blonde, buxom, and bouncing. Suddenly some of the Baron's prize heifers began to die; his pigs all got the yellows, same like hounds do, and his Baroness became extremely unpleasant about what she called his "goings-on," but which may have been his gettings-off for all I know to the contrary—with the blonde and beautiful walk-out from Melton. The Baron was much disturbed and extremely angry, and he rode down into the village hard-by to see his principal vassal, who was also his Shire-Reeve, or Sheriff. Stupidly, as things turned out, the Sheriff, a man we will call Bill Smith, when the circumstances were unfolded to him by the Baron, hazarded the opinion that a nasty old witch, called Biddy Wicks, who lived in a hut on the High Dyke, must be at the bottom of all the bother. Biddy Wicks, be it stated, is said to have had the law on Bill Smith, because one of his dogs had killed two of her ducks. The Baron eagerly adopted the idea, and he said:

"Very good Smith, excellent! Now all we have got to do is to kill the hook-nosed, grey-bearded, bandy-legged, beady-eyed old harridan—so you get on with the job, Smith, and don't let me have to ask you twice. You know my ways?"

Here the Baron made a slip-knot of his red bandana handkerchief, put it round his own neck, gave it a jerk, gurgled in a most terrible manner, and put his tongue out!

Poor old Smith was petrified.

"Squier! Squier!" he whined. "Don't be 'asty, Squier; I be main old—I've 'ad no practice killin' folk—I be afeared of a goon—and she a witch an' all!"

"Smith," said the Baron, as he vaulted on to the back of his mettlesome plug—or horse—"don't argue or fiddle-faddle. If that old female dog isn't dead by tea-time to-morrow . . . well, you heard!"

The end of it was that poor old Bill Smith took counsel of the local black-smith—a dark, hook-nosed man of the name of Nicodemus Horney, and after paying over one hundred crowns got a prescription which ensured an easy destruction of old Biddy Wicks.

"Now," said Nick to the trembling Bill, "what you had oughter do is to lead all your 'orses to drink, and the first one as takes his nose



WITH THE BELVOIR AT PIPER HOLE

Howard Barrett

Three people who are well known in the Shires: Mrs. Cantrell-Hubbersty, Lady Robert Manners, wife of the late Lord Robert Manners, Master of the Belvoir from 1912-14 with Major T. Bouch, who afterwards went on alone, and Lady Enid Turnor, wife of another well-known Belvoir, and 17th Lancer polo team celebrity, Captain H. B. Turnor. She is a sister of The Earl of Westmorland

out of the trough is the one as you had oughter ride up to old Biddy Wicks' hut on the 'Igh Dyke at twel' o'clock and call 'er everythin'; anger 'er yer know so as she'll fly out at yer and thin run 'er through wi' a sword!"

Bill said he hadn't got no sword, but Nick said he'd lend him one as had belonged to Saladin the Saracen or some heathen like that. Well old Bill did exactly as Nick said because, of course, he knew the Baron would hang him for sure if he didn't "get" Biddy Wicks by tea-time next day.

He lined all his horses up—thirteen of 'em—at the drinking trough, and the first which stopped drinking was a blind old hairy named "Byard," the kind of steed much in request for the local Lord Mayor's Show. He was very quiet. So that night away went Bill, yellow with fear, and armed with the sword Nick had lent him, riding up to the High Dyke to old Biddy Wick's hut. He carried out Nick's instructions to the letter. He called her all the most dreadful names of which he could think, and though I know some of them I cannot possibly repeat them here. Bill had been at it about five solid minutes of cursing, and was getting rather gravelled for matter, when open went Biddy's top window!

She flew out making the most blood-curdling screech, worse than a whole pack of cats and owls combined, and came straight for Bill. He stuck Saladin's sword clean through her, but it had no effect whatever. She landed on old Byard's quarters, stuck her claws and her teeth in hard, and also bit Bill very badly. Anyway, old Byard, who had not had all four legs off the



Howard Barrett

ALSO WITH THE BELVOIR: THE HON. MRS. SPENCER AND MRS. JOHN VAUGHAN

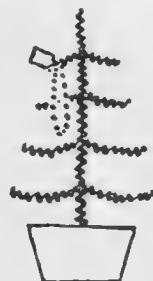
This snapshot was also taken when the Belvoir were at Piper Hole recently. Mrs. John Vaughan is the wife of the hard-riding General and ex 10th polo team celebrity. Colonel Gordon Colman, M.F.H., is doing a great job of work with the Belvoir this season—the dog pack, which Mr. Charles Tonge, ex-Master and present Field-Master, sorted and improved tremendously, is now about as good as anything in England in the field, and also very attractive indeed to look at on the flags

(Continued on p. x)

Jongassen



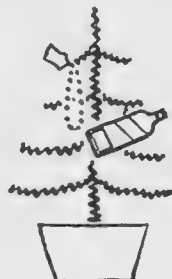
To my wife
..... a necklace,



and to me
..... Johnnie Walker:



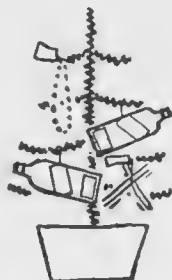
To Bobbie, with best wishes
..... a pair of skates,



and to myself, with best wishes
..... Johnnie Walker:



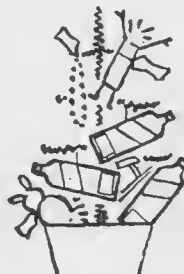
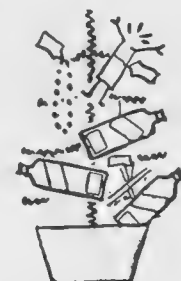
To my dear little daughter,
with much love, ... a doll,



and to my dear little self, with
much love ... Johnnie Walker:



To darling Baby
..... a woolly rabbit,



and to darling me
..... Johnnie Walker!!



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FILMS: BRITISH
AND OTHERWISEIN "A MAN OF MAYFAIR": MISS ELLALINE TERRISS AND
MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITEAND MISS JOAN BARRY (YOUNG GRACE) AND MR. JACK
BUCHANAN (LORD WILLIAM KINGSLAND)IN "OUT IN THE BLUE": MR. KENNETH KOVE,
MISS KAY HAMMOND, AND MR. GENE GERRARDMISS LILY DAMITA, THE FRENCH-AMERICAN
RADIO STAR

The new film, "A Man of Mayfair," in which Jack Buchanan is starring, was opened at the Carlton Theatre on November 30, and is probably the best picture in which he has yet appeared. It is a Paramount production with an all-star cast, some of which is represented by such celebrities of the stage as Ellaline Terriss, Lilian Braithwaite, Nora Swinburne, Sebastian Smith, little Joan Barry, Warwick Ward, etc., etc. The film is founded on a novel by May Edginton, and the whole cast also being British, it carries out the "Buy British" idea most admirably. Jack Buchanan, of course, has already made very good in the celluloid drama in Hollywood in two big films, "Paris" and "Monte Carlo," but he is even better in this new one. Pretty Lily Damita's biggest recent success has been in "Madame Julie," which was shown at the Leicester Square Cinema a short time ago. "Out in the Blue," in which Kenneth Kove, Kay Hammond, and Gene Gerrard are the leading lights, is said to be another winner.



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WHISKEY



"'Cheat!' Spoken, the word seemed to cut Leon off as though it were a wall of glass."

ROGUE'S HARVEST

By E. M. WINCH

A long room, a dozen players grouped under the hanging lights, eyes bent on the green cloth. Leon chose his place, one at a distance from Adler, the dealer, who looked up and nodded. He bought counters, staked. Not yet. A couple of hands to make sure that no one was watching.

There was no sound but the snickering shuffle of cards, the clack of counters, and the monotone of the dealer, for play was running high.

"Cards?"

Leon nodded. He glanced at the two cards in his hand, watched one player throw, another draw. The chance was too good to miss—ten, three, seven. His fingers drummed softly on the green cloth, stealing nearer to the piled counters; his face remained woodenly unmoved.

"Pay eighteen and over."

The long rake pushed counters towards him, fresh cards came sliding across the table; he staked again.

It was already late; as his winnings grew he noticed that the room was clearing; only four players remained at last round the long table, all men he knew, hardened gamblers including Adler, the dealer.

"Pay nineteen."

An I O U joined the heap on Leon's right hand; he glanced sideways at it, reckoning. Not enough yet. He laid a fresh stake down in a careless pile, carefully.

Leon stood; the man on his left drew a seven; Hendon, the man beyond, a four; the dealer, showing fifteen, drew. Leon's eyes were fixed on the dealer's cards, watching, but his tapping fingers gave a tiny jerk; a stack of counters, disturbed, toppled on to his stake.

But other eyes were watching, noticing that light movement so often repeated. Rice, always a bad loser, flung down his cards; the dealer paused, staring.

"Cheat!"

Spoken, the word seemed to cut Leon off as though it were a wall of glass; from being five players, they became four—and one.

Leon's eyes narrowed to agate slits. Could Rice prove it?

"What's up?" innocently; as if he had not heard.

By way of reply, Rice shot out a lean forefinger, scattering the heaped stake. His white face stiffened.

"You staked twenty—I was watching."

The gaze of all five was on those strewn counters—twenty-seven. With the same abrupt, dangerous gesture, Rice flicked over the cards of Leon's hand, lying face down upon the cloth; two kings, twenty.

An instant's silence, then babel.

"I tell you, it's a mistake —"

LEON PICTON wanted money, needed money, had to have it.

For one thing there were bills, accompanied by letters which pressed curtly for payment; for another there was the money-lender. Old Seth Picton might pay his son's debts, grumbling; he would neither pay nor forgive if he learned of that money-lender. Leon could almost picture his father's flushed face, the heavy blow thundering on the table.

"You—you utter young fool! Forty-eight per cent. at compound interest! And all because you are such a coward that you lied to me!" He could hear the raucous voice thicken, the guttural trace of German which no naturalization papers could obliterate. "So! I am done with you. . . ."

That was the way it must end if one—even one—of those threatening tradesmen lost patience. A single court case must send the whole elaborate structure of lies tumbling—and with it his prospects as heir to the Picton interests in steel, rubber, and oil.

Looking back Leon acknowledged to himself that he had been a fool. Always the same story—debts, partial confession, payments that left a balance met by borrowed money, fierce interest, fresh extravagance, fresh debts—and always for the same reason—women.

Lovely, expensive creatures! What did old Seth know, working all his life, of the way money could fly when a man is young, only son of a millionaire, and in love?

As the big car drew up at a sombre house in Berkeley Square two men, walking past, recognized the tall, dark, good-looking boy at the wheel.

"Picton, father fabulously rich—lucky young devil!"

Leon heard, and laughed grimly. If they only knew.

"Evening, Benjie."

The big, negro butler took his hat and turned to lead the way. Leon squared his shoulders. A cool million, more perhaps, at stake if Seth found out—better the risk he meant to take to-night.

(Continued overleaf)

Rogue's Harvest—continued from p. 550

"Mistake my eye —"

"I was watching, I tell you! I —"

"Hendon agreed, we suspected —"

"You waited until you saw your cards, put up your stake —"

The tip of Leon's tongue darted out, wetting his dry lips; his glance ran swiftly round the accusing faces, Rice glaring from a white mask, Hendon flushed, Adler morose, scowling.

And it was Adler who spoke, very evenly.

"You damned little card-sharp! What are we to do?"

"Rice told me; we've been watching to see how he did it." Hendon's head lowered like a bull's charging. Leon was sickly pale; small beads of sweat clung below the black peak of his hair; but he did not move. The four men drew in as wolves on their prey.

And at the concerted movement, Leon's eyes widened. So that was it! Adler, Hendon, Rice, McCoy, men of one kidney; they had arranged this show-down! His breath, which had caught painfully in his chest, eased. He pushed back his chair, his brain working swiftly.

"Well?" asked Adler.

Leon brushed a speck of dust from his sleeve and smiled.

"We'll suppose, for the sake of argument, I did —," he began; Hendon's growl cut him short.

"Cut that. We've four witnesses."

Leon noted the slip; only two had claimed to see him cheat. Rice caught up the cards, gathered the stake.

"Look here" — he illustrated with swift hands how Leon had enlarged his stake while Hendon nodded, and Adler, a saturnine man, watched grimly.

Leon let his fingers tap the table lightly.

"I always do that when I'm thinking," he stated. "I did not touch the counters."

"Our word'll be enough for most people," declared Hendon, aggressively.

"Will it?" Leon's smile did not waver. "I wonder!"

But he did not. He knew. Racing men, gamblers all, "hot stuff"; even so a whisper from these four could break him, force him to slink away from the company of honest men. His glance ran round the group and saw, with a great relief, a warning signal pass between Adler and Hendon.

But it was Adler who spoke.

"We don't want to make a scandal — naturally. But this is not the first time, Picton."

It confirmed his guess; they had all known before this evening.

"I see," he said, slowly. "And what do you propose to do about it?"

Subtly, imperceptibly, the situation had changed; they were still four to one, but now the four were uneasy, Leon content.

Hendon broke out brutally. "Smash you, you —."

Adler's hand on his arm cut short the sentence.

"Hard words won't help," he said smoothly. "It comes to this, Picton—you're young, we don't want to break you utterly, but —"

Rice slid into the gap with "He should have a lesson —."

"Exactly," said Adler.

"I see," said Leon. "And what do you charge for — lessons?"

"That's enough!"

But Adler controlled them with a glance, though his voice rasped harshly.

"What — exactly — do you mean?" he demanded.

"Exactly what you mean." Leon was unmoved.

There was a heavy silence while Adler gathered the eyes of his friends; the moment had come, Leon could feel the tension stretch like a thin wire between the group, but his face was grim. He would give them no help.

"You don't want a scandal," said Adler at length. "It comes to this: are we to hold our tongues?"

He tailed off in silence. Leon laughed. He took out his cigar-case and chose one with care, lit it; Hendon shuffled; Rice flushed as the pause grew marked. Leon blew out a long coil of smoke, satisfied.

"Exactly," he said, as though that word tasted good. "But suppose I go to my father, tell him you laid this trap, blackmailed me —"

A low gasp from Rice. Hendon's fist crashed on the table, making cards and counters jump.

"You cheated — and you dam' well know it!"

Leon's voice continued smoothly.

"My father's a fighter: he'll charge you all — a nasty case; and mud sticks. . . ."

He watched with narrowed eyes the dismay spread; good players, playing fairly, each one of that foursome preferred to play with rich, inexperienced boys; they knew he spoke the truth; the mud would stick. Adler's hands went to the cards, letting them slide softly through his fingers.

Leon's eyes grew keen.

"How much?" he asked plainly.

He could have laughed at the relief on Hendon's dull face; a faint grin curled McCoy's wizened monkey-mask, and he spoke for the first time.

"You've won large sums," he said, "presumably by cheating. What do you think, Adler?"

They made a pretence of whispered consultation; Leon waited. The scheme in his mind took shape.

"Four thousand?" suggested Rice at last, stiffly.

Leon laughed.

"I haven't four thousand shillings!"

Adler said easily, "Naturally. But your father —"

"I've told you what my father will do. No. You can have a scandal — and I warn you, I'll fight. Or" — he smiled slowly, happily on them as they eyed him with keen distrust — "or you must change your plan of attack, gentlemen."

"What are you getting at?" Hendon blustered, voicing the suspicions of them all.

"This"; Leon was enjoying himself now. "If I go to my father, tell him this was a straight game, that you three made a mistake — an honest mistake — and that I thought a cheque might make you hold your tongues."

Adler stroked his chin thoughtfully, his eyes on the boy's face.

"Then," Leon let the words drip out, "there would be no mud — and cash enough for five."

There was silence, the blank silence of amazement; then McCoy flung back his gaunt neck and crowed. He got up, stamping, slapping his thighs, choking with laughter. Slowly, half reluctantly, the others joined in — all but Leon.

"Beats cock-fighting," groaned McCoy between spasms. "We catch him cheating and he wants us to go in with him to blackmail his own father. Gaw!"

Adler, who had laughed last and least, snapped out: "Yes; and suppose he doesn't pay?"

"You still have your scandal," Leon pointed out.

"He could jug us for blackmail," cried Rice.

"How? On what evidence?" Leon lent over urgently. "I do the talking."

McCoy sat down, hitched up his chair.

"How much?" he asked.

"Twelve thousand; two to each of you, four to me," said Leon promptly.

The men exchanged one comprehensive glance. Money for nothing, said Adler's sneering eyes.

"Well?" Leon blew a smoke-ring carelessly.

McCoy grinned, but it was Adler who answered.

"If you can work it — well, I expect we could all forget to-night." He glanced about, the three nodded agreement.

Leon got up.

"Well, that's settled." He did not hold out his hand; they returned his nod in silence. Only when the door had shut upon upon him McCoy summed him up. "A million cold — to a boy like that, who doesn't need it!"

Leon Picton chose the hour after lunch to approach old Seth's office.

"Mr. Picton's busy," warned the secretary, but Leon put her aside. He found old Seth sunk deep in the chair, facing his two partners, and with a bare glance at his son, Seth waved him to a chair.

"It comes to this," Wood, the junior partner was heated; "you've gone behind our backs, done us, joined with the combine?"

Seth's heavy head nodded slowly; he did not speak. A faint smile lurked in the corners of his drooping mouth.

"You can still buy from me," he pointed out.

"And give you a cut at both ends?" Rawdon, the other, leaped up, banged his fist down on the desk. "It's a ramp! A dam, dirty ramp!"

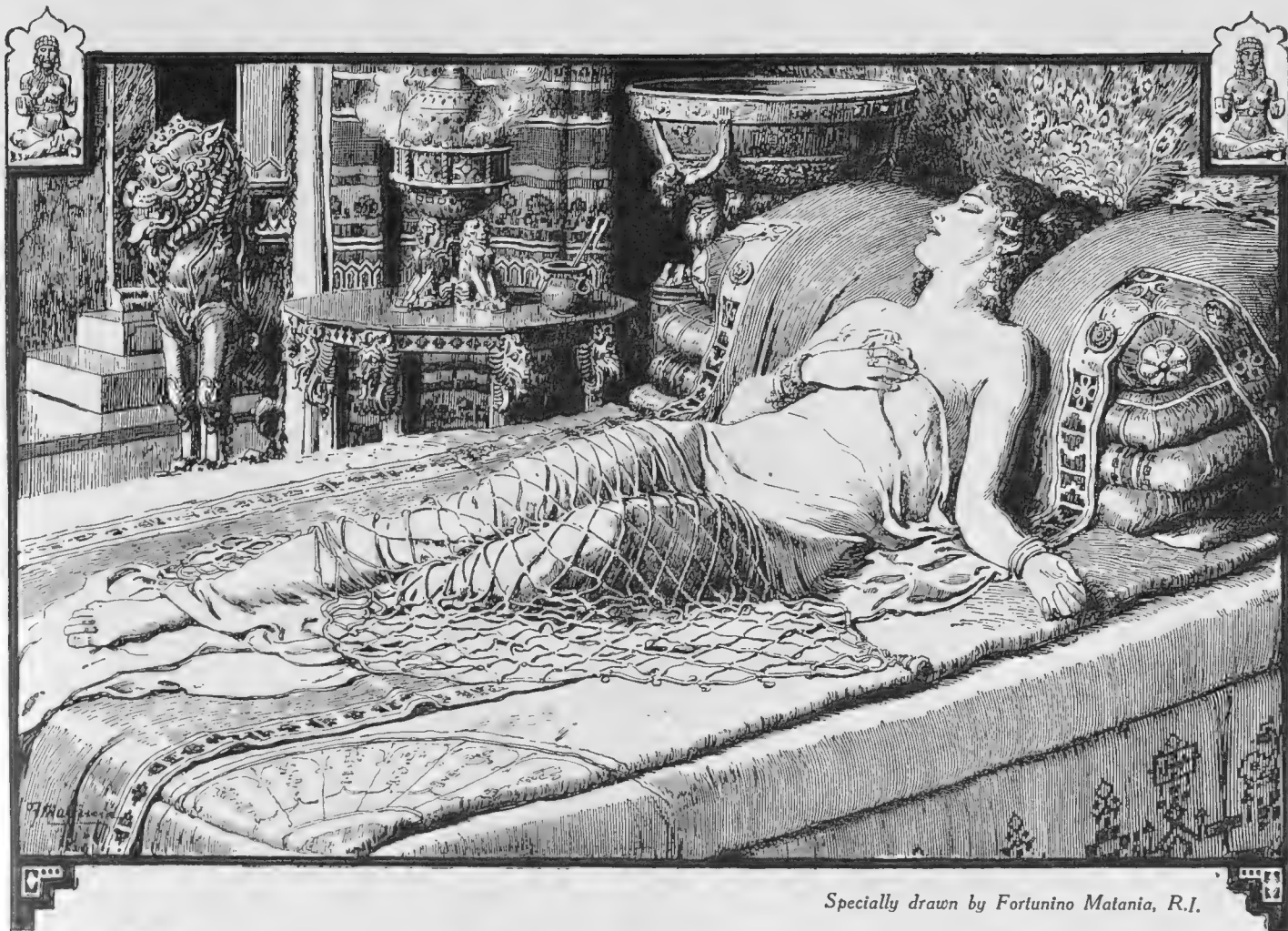
"It's business," said Seth coldly.

The two turned speechlessly, strode out, slamming the door with an echoing bang. Seth, his scanty eyebrows up in deprecation, turned on his son.

"Well?" he snapped.

Leon twisted his mobile face into a decent semblance of woe. He began gravely.

(Continued on p. xvi)



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THE Queen of Sheba—fascinating—brilliant—how did she manage to preserve her beauty through all her journeyings across the barren desert? One thing we know is that she must have slept well and soundly. For sound sleep is essential if health is to be maintained, and health is the mainspring of beauty

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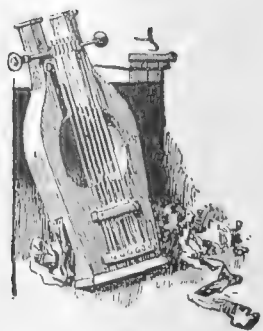
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PETROL VAPOUR : By W. G. ASTON

The Bog-Wheels.

FIRST of all the cars take the stage at Olympia; then the heavies (which do their song and dance but once in every two years), and now the two and three wheelers. About this last Show of the series there is an atmosphere quite different from that which pervades the others, and it is not at all easy to say of what it is compounded. It ought to be full of superiority complex, and yet it doesn't seem to be, in spite of the evident fact that, in this not unimportant department of industrial endeavour, Great Britain has conquered all the markets of the world barring that of the United States; indeed you can fairly say that it is only in these two countries that motor-bikes are built on a serious scale. And that is a curious thing, too, for although we make a product that has a world-wide demand we do not seem to progress very rapidly, if at all, in the matter of design. To a casual observer such as myself the development that has been accomplished during the last few years appears, as compared with what has been done in the car field, for instance, to be quite minute. Nor am I in the smallest degree prejudiced against motor-bikes, for I have done literally hundreds of thousands of miles upon the dozens of different two and three wheelers that I have owned, and upon a great deal of that mileage I can look back with the utmost pleasure. Frankly, I gave up motor-cycling because a few very dismal experiences made me a funk. I got to hate the idea of having to take a dive right underneath a tram. In these hard times I would cheerfully go in for a bog-wheel again (always provided that Mrs. P.V. would let me) if only I could see some sign that the 1932 model was substantially more stable than its fore-runners. But no! It seems that the rider is faced with just as tricky a problem as ever. Also he is just as vulnerable in the case of accident; also the machines themselves, whilst they are undoubtedly far more comfortable and complete (which incidentally means that they steadily grow in weight) are still open to objection on the score of noisiness and general untidiness. Most of them are lamentably all bits and pieces, giving the impression that various essential components have been forgotten in



THE RIGHT HON. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN
AND LORD LUKE OF PAVENHAM

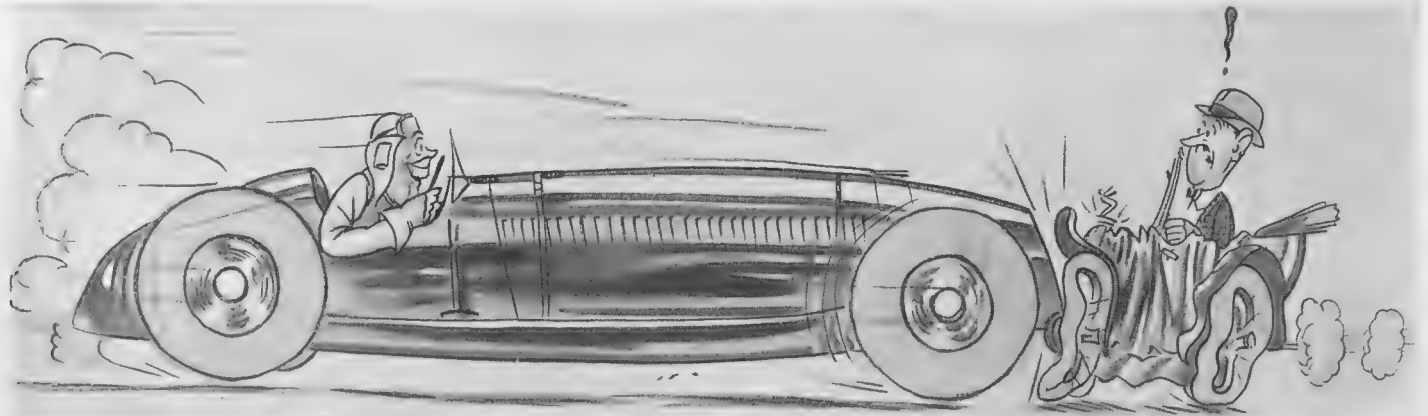
An impression gathered at the luncheon at the Holborn Restaurant given in connection with the third annual conference of the Incorporated Society of British Advertisers. Lord Luke has a great deal to do with that excellent stuff which prevents that sinking feeling. He is the leading light of Bovril, Ltd., and also President of the I.S.B.A. Mr. Neville Chamberlain made a wonderful speech, the text of which was "Seize Your Nettle"

the main lay-out and then wangled in at the last minute. And yet, goodness knows, there is no doubt but that the machines work all right. Almost every week-end for years past there have been endless "reliability trials" in which they are made to face the most appalling conditions. Unfortunately reliability is not the only quality in a motor-bike worth cultivating. A lot of people seem to imagine that a motor-cycle is invariably something that exists in direct competition with a car, but you have only to go once to this Show to realize that to a very large extent motor-cyclists are such by nature and have all their waking thoughts concentrated upon this type of vehicle. It is not a question of £ s. d. They would sooner have the best 350 cc (say) model of its kind than a car costing ten times as much. They know how to get their fun, and even if one can't understand quite where it comes in, no one can blame them for taking what they can get. All the same I wish they would, more of them, insist upon a reasonable noiselessness. There is absolutely no need for a modest-powered two-stroker to howl like a Schneider Trophy aeroplane. There is many a machine at the Show which suggests that its capacity for noisiness of exhaust is regarded as a valuable selling point. This is not as it should be.

Good Stuff.

By the kindness of my old and excellent friend, Mr. J. E. Price, late of Swift and Angus Sanderson, who now presides over the destinies of Henly's, Ltd., in the Euston Road, and devotes his attention very largely to the distribution of Rover cars, I have recently been able to make trial of one of the new Pilot saloons. Unfortunately illness prevented the test from being as lengthy as I would have liked—though that is a matter that can be set right in the future—but from what I saw of this car I liked her intensely. She is a first-class, well-knit job from stem to stern, and (apologizing once more for working an expression to death) I really do not know how the proposition is done at the price. For £235 buys you a remarkably refined 6-cylinder engine with lots of power, a 4-speed silent third gearbox (in point of fact all the ratios are

(Continued on p. xvi)



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EVE AT GOLF : By ELEANOR E. HELME

NINETEEN-THIRTY-ONE will have various claims to fame. Leaving aside such little matters as the General Election, or 400 m.p.h. in the air, or even the first real International match, qualifying rounds seem to be writ large across its face. There was the qualifying round for the first time at the Open Championship; the North and the South-Western Championships, débütantes of the season, both had thirty-six holes medal torture as a preliminary. What about it? Take qualifying rounds first of all from the point of view of the management of any event. Presumably thinking of the greatest good of the greatest number they have only two objects in view when instituting anything so horrible. One is that the event shall get through in quicker

of medal-playing golfers, and these quite possibly would not be as fine match players as if they had given their minds to match rather than to medal. After all, the match is the thing, not the score, and a qualifying round is an odious necessity, not a desirable feature, of a championship.

One does not know if such a plan would be possible, but one would like to see a little elasticity in the wording of the championship conditions. Supposing, for example, there were only eighty entries; it would be obviously absurd to spend two days' play eliminating sixteen players. It would be possible, of course, to let eighty players accomplish thirty-six holes in one day rather than two, but it does seem a good deal simpler to let all the eighty take their chance in match play which would mean, even with a 36-hole final, that the event could begin on the Monday and finish on Thursday. With 128 players the event could start on the Monday and finish on Friday; so that conditions might lay down that if the entries exceed 128 a qualifying round or rounds will be played to reduce the field to sixty-four.

These are things for the powers that be to settle, but as long as there are qualifying rounds players will have to steel their hearts and find some method of doing themselves justice therein. The whole trouble really seems to be that players are wondering about their chances of qualifying rather than about their immediate shots. That means lack of concentration, which is the most destructive ingredient of any round. The other is that they make up their minds beforehand that a qualifying round is something necessarily quite different from a medal round and that carefulness is the one necessary virtue. That may be true to a certain extent, but excessive caution is natural only to a very few golfers, and anything that is unnatural is apt to be hindering. Better, far, to risk one bunker now and again by going out for the big shot than to spoil every hole by a ca'canny policy which makes you stiffen up your muscles and poke miserably at the ball.

Saunton is unknown to me; I blush to admit it, for I know it is comparable to an admission of not having seen *Hamlet* nor read "Vanity Fair." But there it is, so perhaps I am not qualified to speak on the subject, but I should imagine from all that enthusiastic devotees have told me that Saunton would be a hard course to play a qualifying round upon.

The dunes are "glorious" according to one correspondent who underlined the word heavily. Now glorious dunes may mean a variety of things. I did once walk across Saunton Burrows on an expedition wholly unconnected with golf, and I fully endorse the adjective, but I have a notion that to score amongst those dunes may be rather humiliating, and that for some people it will be a case of Ichabod. One hopes not; the main thing will doubtless be for them to concentrate on each shot, the whole shot, and nothing but the shot.



Dogs do make a difference: Lady Eddis with Druid, who is an honorary member of several clubs. His owner was Miss Yolande Faraday before her marriage



Mrs. R. O. Porter is particularly attached to whippets and is seen here with Sand Bastille, a well-known participant in speed contests

time than is possible if everyone can enter for it at sweet will; the other is that, having been passed through the sieve, so to speak, there shall be no weak players left to make soft corners in the draw.

Of course, it is a grand thing to shorten an event.

Just think of the expense saved by one day less play, as well as the lessening of sheer physical fatigue. But judging by the expressions on the faces of a good many people at Portmarnock last year, the mental strain of qualifying was a good deal worse than an extra day's play.

Of course at Portmarnock there was a Sunday in between the two rounds so that everybody had plenty of time to think of the putts that they had missed, the shots they had wasted in the rough or in water-logged bunkers. Reflections were apt to be bitter, anticipations alarming. At Saunton we are to be spared that misery, for the qualifying rounds will be played on Thursday and Friday, but as for shortening the event . . .! Our championships used to go through between Monday and Friday; now we are to take from the Thursday until the Thursday, an extra expense and extra number of rounds. Those who say that the L.G.U. ought to harden its heart and limit the number of qualifiers to thirty-two forget one most important point. Golf is, or should be, a match-playing game, not a medal-playing one. The difficulty of qualifying with only thirty-two players would become so great that we should develop a breed



Dorset personalities: Mrs. Graham Jones and (right) Mrs. Latham Hall. The latter is County champion

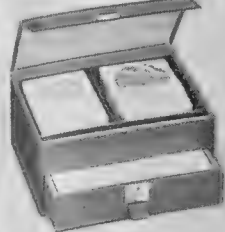
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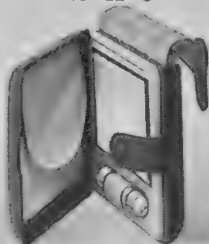
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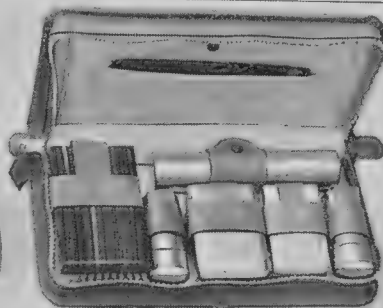
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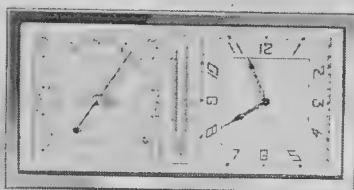
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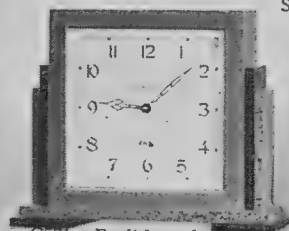
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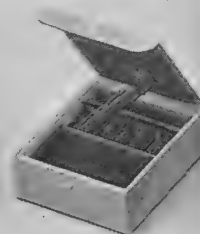
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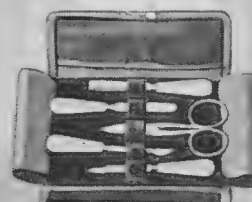
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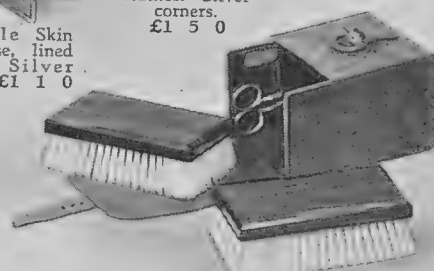
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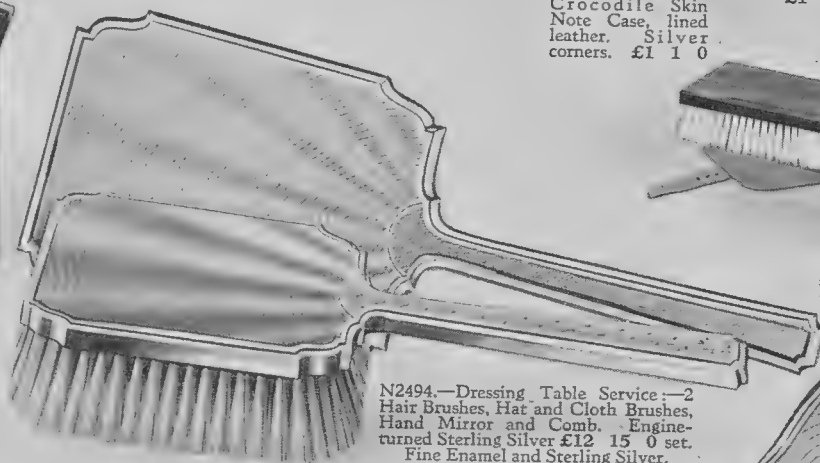
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FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES—*cont. from p. 404*

hounds, however, brought off two sporting runs—that from Shangton Holt giving most pleasure. Lady Beatty and Lady Kathleen Rollo were with us. The going was heavy and the take-offs treacherous, and this accounted for several mishaps. The repartee of the thrusters who had both selected the same spot at the same moment was amusing, to say the least of it. Harry Beeby was astride a good sort. It is good to learn that our Wistow country is likely to be opened up again at an early date. The sad news, this day, of Arthur Thatcher's decease came home to many of the older followers who could look back on the great sport of Mr. and Mrs. Fernie's reign.

From the Heythrop

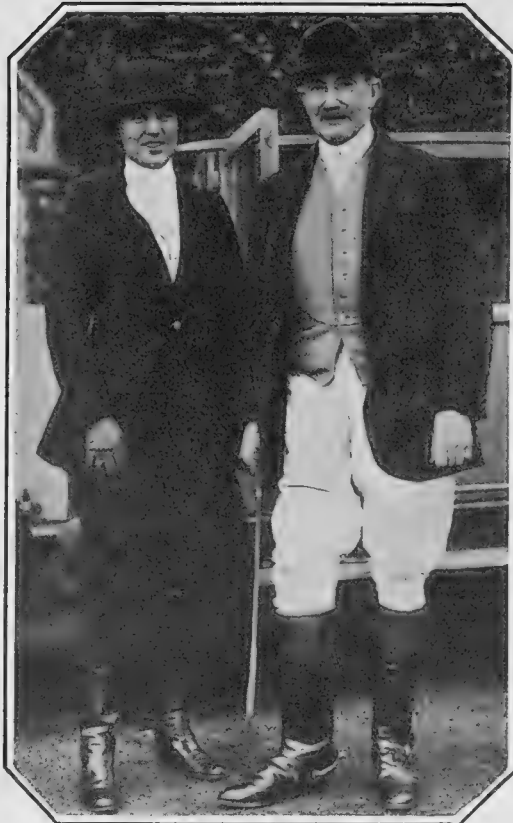
We are told by experts that meat eaters are more active than vegetarians, so judging by the amount of raw fox that has been devoured lately we ought to be having non-stop sport, but somehow as yet we have not quite struck our true form.

On Monday, at Hook Norton, there seemed to be a strange number of horse-boxes and a number of strange faces. Amongst the latter were the Master of the East Essex and his wife. The former caused quite a com-Motion; and the latter, mounted on a hireling on whom the brakes would not work, nearly became a victim of perpetual Motion, but wisely removed herself to a saloon car whose brakes were more effective.

On Friday the rendez-vous was Moreton-in-Marsh, where many scarlet coats and ditto lips afforded a fair smattering of colour to the proceedings, but the scent part of the business did not come up to expectations. We saw that many of our stars were out, but the gentleman from Batsford must have seen millions more than we did when he came down to earth, but his hat seemed the only part the worse for wear. A Pearceing and indeed shattering blow was administered to some Sezincote rails which, while being quite brave, was quite unnecessary. - Olive and learn!

From Warwickshire

Talton House on Monday started us off on another good week's sport. The going gets wetter every day we go out. We met some really old-fashioned obstacles between Crimscote and Idlecote (at least, Barney thought so), and we never stopped galloping and jumping all



Porle, Dublin
A MEATH PICTURE: MRS. DALGETY AND CAPTAIN HARRY FOWLER

No better man ever has crossed the Meath country than Captain Harry Fowler, the ex-Joint Master of the famous Irish pack, and everyone is pleased to see him back on a horse again, for all last season he was laid out by a motor accident and could not ride at all. Mrs. Dalgety is the wife of Mr. "Sandy" Dalgety, and few go better

day, until finally we arrived just outside Stratford—and we even had another hunt after that! The post and rails had a nasty-looking "take off." They didn't look so much like post and rails a few minutes later.

On Tuesday we had a good hunt round the Rollwright Coombes, and it was a pity they did not kill their fox. Hounds just missed killing another in Weston later, as he flicked into a hole just in front of them.

Some like jumping ditches to them from the bank, but others like going to the bottom of the ditch and then jumping.

We had a lot of strangers out at Depper's Bridge on Thursday, owing I expect to the £1 cap; consequently the bumping in gateways was awful. There was a round-about hunt from Ladbrooke, and loose horses were galloping in all directions. It is extraordinary what a magnet a fence is to some people, even if the gate is handy, and it is always the ladies who are over-hasty with their tongues if occasion arises. The best fun was from Welsh Road Gorse across Radbourne fields to ground in a bank by the canal.

From the York and Ainsty

Friday, November 27, with the South pack was no fun—wet and sloppy, but it was very good at Highfield next day, with a hunt from Ellerton Thorns, and another with an outlier near Jack's. We understand Charles was de-horsed at least thrice, but there was always the trusty horse-box to convey him home. No luck at Rufforth on Tuesday (December 1). We made a start by finding in Rufforth Whin, but a very thick fog then descended, and we had to give it up.

From Lincolnshire

In the Brocklesby country hunting was suspended for a couple of days at the end of the week as a mark of respect

to Mr. E. G. Pretymann, whose death has created a gap hard to fill, for he was one of our most generous supporters. Just before the stoppage hounds had a tiring day from Binbrook Hall. Mr. Sleight had foxes everywhere, but they hardly ever travelled beyond the zone of his estate, and went to ground with annoying persistency. Our host's plucky little terrier deserves the D.C.M., for he bolted no less than four!

The Southwold day from Greet-ham (November 26) was as good as any this season. From one of the local covert's hounds ran in great style for fifty-five minutes—making a point of five and ten as they ran.



Poolle, Waterford
A TIPPERARY GROUP

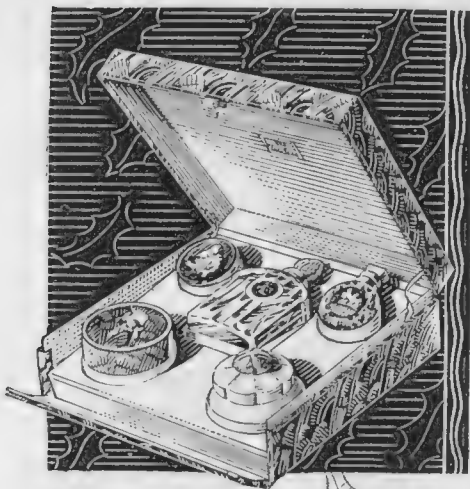
Left to right: Mrs. Masters, than whom there are not as many better as you would count on one hand over this or any other country, Sir Thomas Ainsworth, the Tipperary Master (ex-Meath), Miss Taylor, Miss Bagwell, and Miss Bagwell. It is the grand country in which to chase the fox—good Irish banks, Irish ditches, and a wall quite frequently are the things for which you have got to harden your heart



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Gift Cases from 2/6 to 21/-, and Gift Cases "For Men" from 3/- to 10/6.

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Complexion Cream*



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Gifts of the Perfume, or Cases of toilet articles — perfumed with the same exquisite fragrance, are a very part of Christmas; and where could you find one more suitable for gay youth, or her mother, and her mother too?

SOME FIELD DOG TRIALS IN IRELAND



AT THE IRISH COCKER CLUB TRIALS AT KILBRIDE

A group taken at the first Field Trials held by the Cocker Spaniel Club of Ireland at Manor Kilbride, Co. Dublin, by kind permission of Colonel and Mrs. Scott-Moore. The names, left to right, are: First row—Mrs. Morel, Miss D. M. Fagan, hon. sec., Mrs. Rathborne, Miss Barton, Mrs. Westropp-Dawson, Miss Esmonde, Mr. J. Scott, Miss Tynte, Mr. J. C. Dalton, with winner of Open Stake, Mr. J. Smith, and Mr. Greenfield with the winner of the Novice Stake; middle row—Mr A. L. Trotter, one of the judges, Mrs. Scott-Moore, and Colonel Scott-Moore; back row—Mr. J. A. Carbery, Dr. W. J. Dawson, Mr. H. Rathborne, Mr. R. G. Quirk, Miss Fergusson, Mr. Weekes, Dr. Colman Saunders, Mr. Hamilton, and Major Goff

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Water Biscuits are not at all the same thing if you leave out that vital first word "JACOB'S." And cheese without Jacob's Water Biscuits is like strawberries without the cream.

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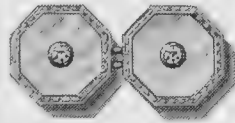
Please write for new
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Gift Suggestions

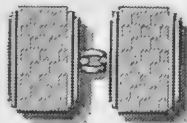
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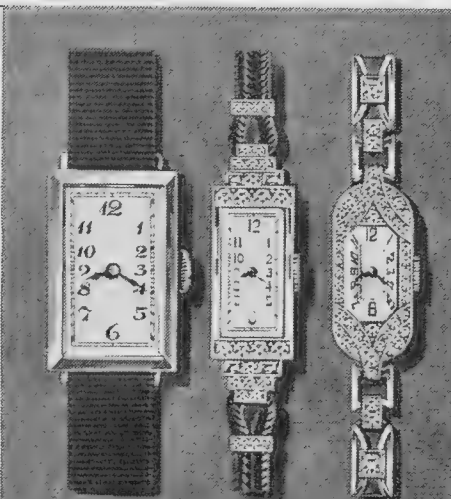
Sterling Silver Tea and Jug Set, comprising:-
Coffee or Hot Water Jug - £3.0.0
Tea Pot - £3.0.0
Sugar Basin - £1.2.6
Cream Jug - 17.6
Complete £8.0.0



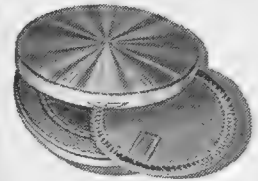
Mother o'Pearl, Diamond, Platinum and 18 ct. White Gold Links, per pair - £7.0.0



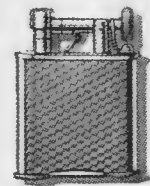
18 ct. Gold Links, per pair £3.7.6



Silver - £3.17.6 All Platinum Case All Platinum
9 ct. Gold £5.0.0 Set Diamonds and Diamonds
18 ct. Gold £10.10.0 £45.0.0 £115.0.0



Sterling Silver-gilt mounted and Enamel Vanity Case with Sifter for loose powder, with Mirror in lid. Various Colours, £1.10.0



Sterling Silver Engine-turned Pocket Lighter - £1.5.0
9 ct. Gold - £10.10.0



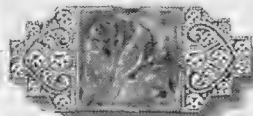
Sterling Silver-gilt and Enamel Manicure Fittings with Steel Scissors in velvet lined case - £2.2.0



Diamond and Platinum Ring £25.0.0



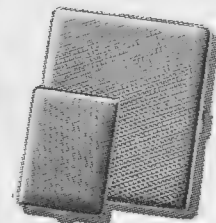
Emerald, Diamond, Platinum Ring £22.10.0



Carved Jade, Diamond, Rose Diamond, Platinum and 18 ct. White Gold Brooch - £12.10.0



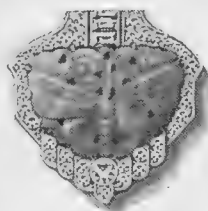
A New Travelling Clock with luminous dial. Size 3" x 4 1/2". Morocco or Pigskin - £5.10.0
With Alarm - £6.15.0
Crocodile or Lizard - £7.0.0
With Alarm - £8.5.0
Date Clock. The day of the month, which is indicated by a figure on the dial, changes automatically at midnight. In Morocco - £3.5.0



Sterling Silver, Engine-turned Cigarette Case
3 1/2" x 2 1/2" - £1.7.6
3 1/2" x 3 1/2" - £1.15.0
3 1/2" x 3 1/2" - £2.5.0
4 1/2" x 3 1/2" - £2.10.0
Sterling Silver, Engine-turned Tear-off Match Case - 15.0



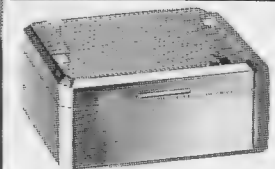
Eight-day Clock in Chromium Case on Green Onyx Base
Height 3 1/2" £4.10.0 Height 4 1/2" £6.0.0



Carved Jade, Diamond, Platinum and 18 ct. White Gold Clip-on Brooch - £45.0.0



Dressing Case in polished Pigskin, with Mirror in Lid, fitted with Sterling Silver-gilt and Enamel and glass Toilet Requisites. Size closed 12" x 9 1/2" x 2 1/2" £23.10.0



Sterling Silver Cigarette Box, with engine-turned lid, lined cedar
Length 4" £2.10.0, 5 1/2" £3.7.6
6 1/2" £4.5.0



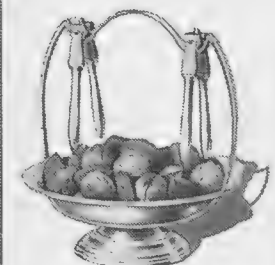
Regent Plate Entree Dish, with Cover. Length 11" - £2.10.0
The lid forms an extra dish



Sterling Silver Condiment Set in velvet lined case. One Mustard Pot, two Salt Cellars, and two Pepper Pots, complete in case - £3.17.6



Diamond, Pearl, Platinum and 18 ct. White Gold Ear-rings, per pair - £18.0.0



Regent Plate Nut Dish with 2 pairs of Nut Crackers - £1.15.0

NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W., urgently appeal for £6 to give 10s. a week for three months to a widow aged thirty-six, who has been a sufferer from internal cancer, and who has now been returned from hospital as inoperable with only a few months to live. She has held good positions both as laundry instructress and manageress, but her savings have gone, partly in expenses incurred by her own illness, and partly in maintaining a cousin with heart disease who lives with her. An old mother lives with them and looks after both of them, but extra help just now is badly needed.

All tastes have been catered for in "The Bystander" Christmas Number which contains humorous and artistic drawings by Harold Forster, Gordon Nicoll, A. D. McCormick, Leslie Butler, Van Abbé, H. H. Harris, and Leon Heron. Among the well-known writers who have contributed are Eric Linklater, Ethel Mannin, D. B. Wyndham Lewis, Josephine Benthall, J. Hastings Turner, Sylvia Thompson, and George Froxfield. Another outstanding feature is several pages of drawings reproduced from the well-known and extremely popular "Fragments from France," by Captain Bairnsfather, whose drawings appeared in the pages of "The Bystander" during the War. There are also some excellent and simple recipes for the Christmas menu. Altogether this number is more than worth the mere 2s. which it costs, and all who wish to be well entertained are advised to purchase their copies at once.

Walker's Diaries both for the office and for personal use are renowned for their neatness and completeness. There are loose leaf diaries in all sizes for the pocket or for the office desk, and leather diaries in various colours and bindings from 1s. upwards. The Treasury note series is particularly worthy of note, for these

diaries are fitted with season-ticket window, and pockets for notes and stamps. In black morocco the small size is 5s. 6d. The "Pearl" series are particularly suitable for Christmas gifts, having very dainty covers of polished tapir, velvet, coral and green smooth lamb, and paste grain roan. These range in price from 1s. each.

A calendar that shows the date without reflection or hesitation is what everybody wants, and this is actually what the "At-a-Glance" calendar is. The little red indicator surrounds the date day by day, attracting the eye at a first glance. It does away with all the searching for the date and saves time and trouble. There are small desk calendars, covered leatherette at 9d. each, and larger ones at 1s.; also desk or hanging calendars, covered antique pewter finish, for 2s. 6d. All the best stationers stock these calendars.



IN A COTTAGE AT BADMINTON

A squad of girl guides doing a bit of piano practice. The names, left to right, are: Anne Capel (daughter of Lady Westmorland), Ada Such, June Capel (another of Lady Westmorland's daughters), and Lady Cynthia Wellesley (daughter of the Countess Cowley). At the back is Doreen Such. Mrs. Such is the tenant of the cottage

The Fourth Amateur Boxing Tournament in aid of H.R.H. the Duchess of York's Maternity Clinic (of the Royal Free Hospital) organized for the Scottish Women's Hospitals' Memorial Association, will be held by permission of the Amateur Boxing Association and under the auspices of the Belsize Boxing Club, at the Royal Albert Hall on Tuesday, December 15. Among the events of the evening will be competitions between representatives from the Royal Navy and Royal Marines, the Army, the Royal Air Force, and the Civil Service. There will also be competitions between the City Police and the London Fire Brigade. Tickets may be obtained from the Albert Hall or from the Organizing Secretary (Boxing Tournament), 24, Mecklenburgh Square, W.C.1.

In our issue of November 18, page 265, we published a photograph taken at the Ivory Cross Matinée. We much regret that in this photograph Miss Sheen was described as the Marchioness of Salisbury. We wish to apologize for this error and for any annoyance it may have caused.

HOW TO BUY A BENSON DIAMOND- SET WATCH

*and leave your
bank balance
intact*

Occasions which call for the presentation of some really precious piece of jewellery may not always coincide with the peak points of your bank balance. To meet the convenience of customers in these circumstances, Benson's instituted, several years ago, their "Times" System of Monthly Payments which is free from the onerous conditions and restrictions of ordinary hire purchase. It is financed out of the Company's reserves funds, and, consequently, the question of interest does not arise. You pay the cash price only. For example, one of these Benson-guaranteed bracelet watches costing, say £20, can be yours at once, to wear or to bestow, for £1 down, nineteen payments of the same amount completing the purchase. Full details, together with Benson's illustrated bracelet watch catalogue, will be sent on application.



No. 7405. Platinum Watch set with Diamonds on 18-ct. White Gold Milanese Band. High quality Lever Movement, fully jewelled. Tested and Benson-guaranteed. £20.0.0



No. 7398. Platinum Watch set with Diamonds on 18-ct. White Gold Milanese Band. High quality Lever Movement, fully jewelled. Tested and Benson-guaranteed. £75.0.0



No. 7403. Platinum Watch set with Diamonds on 18-ct. White Gold Milanese Band. High quality Lever Movement, fully jewelled. Tested and Benson-guaranteed. £31.0.0



No. 7400. Platinum Watch set with Diamonds on 18-ct. White Gold Milanese Band. High quality Lever Movement, fully jewelled. Tested and Benson-guaranteed. £60.0.0

No. 7407. Platinum Watch set with Diamonds on Diamond-set 18-ct. White Gold Bracelet. High quality Lever Movement, fully jewelled. Tested and Benson-guaranteed. £115.0.0

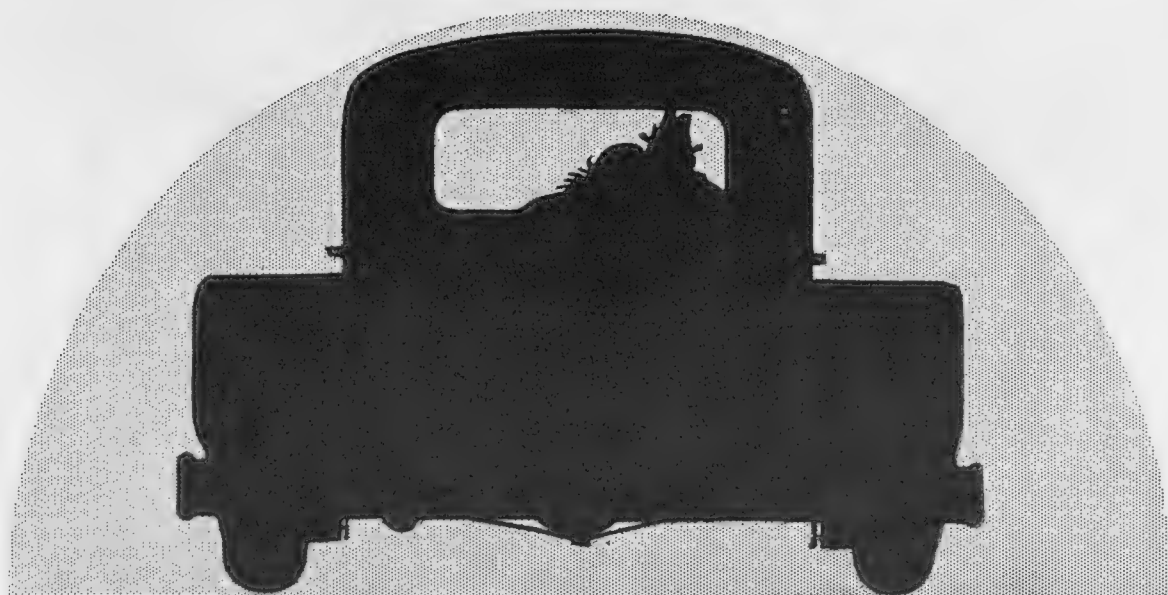
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a volume which comes but recently from the
press of Austin Reed, which is entitled

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FOR PRESENTS
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The Passing Shows—continued from p. 413

Mr. Lee Donn, squaring up briskly to a grand piano, knocked it sideways in five rounds. Mr. Horace Sheldon and his orchestra joined in the m  le every now and then, but made no noticeable impression. Mr. Donn is the kind of pianist who can attempt "The Rhapsody in Blue" with one hand and "Kitten on the Keys" with the other, and still emerge from the ordeal breathless but smiling. Then on swept Miss Lily Morris in the auburn wig and velvet-cut-low pertaining to that ample morsel of mutton who desires to remain lamb. Discarding this finery for shawl, flannel petticoat, and elastic boots—her true colours—Miss Morris gives us the alcoholic and ever-green complaint of the 'Liza who lost her sailor and found a policeman a poor substitute. Follows that homely ballad, "Up comes Mother Brown with another one," meaning, of course, husbands, drinks, and babies; and lastly, a heart-to-heart ditty concerning the wives of commercial travellers. Miss Morris is now and ever shall be one of variety's most virile and robustious mainstays. Her art lies in, and dear to, the heart of London.

As exponents of American burlesque and wisecrack methods, Mr. Bobby Wright and Marion are good value, if only to see Mr. Wright devour his straw hat. A trapeze in the hands of Kafka, Stanley, and Mae is a hair-raising thing. Mr. Stanley, or Mr. Kafka—I am not sure which—has an engaging trick of swinging himself out over the stalls at an alarming speed and altitude, and then letting go with both hands and hanging on by one ankle. Mr. Randolph Sutton,

complete with silk hat, smile, chuckle, and wink, sang five songs, ranging from the spice of "Don't do it now please, Percy," to the sugar of "At Mother's Knee," with that self-confident relish which marks the triumph of manner over matter. "Those Four Chaps" (Messrs. Claude Hulbert, Bombie Comber, Paul England, and Eddie Childs), always a popular turn, danced and sang with almost unprofessional modesty.



A BEER-BOTTLE PARTY IN CHELSEA

A group of, let us suppose, good Froth-Blowers at a recent little entertainment arranged in classic Chelsea by Miss Phoebe Norton-Griffiths at her studio. The invitations demanded that gentlemen were to come armed with a "bottle of beer" and ladies to bring something between a "biscuit and a boar's head!" The group includes Sir Shirley and Lady Worthington-Evans, Mrs. J. H. Thorpe, Mr. and Mrs. T. Enthoven, Mr. and Mrs. Trowbridge Heaton, Miss Billy Royds, Miss Audrey Carr, Miss Maisie Patrick, Mr. Ivan and Miss Aileen Langton-May, Mr. Arthur Slattery, and Mr. Edward Mayer

At the Palladium the feast was thickly spread with such tempting dishes as the Frilli Troupe, a family compounded of india-rubber and steel; Mr. Leslie Strange in a mixture of politics, impersonation, and melodrama; Mr. Jimmy James as a drunken reveller in a bedroom orgy which has done yeoman service; Mr. Ben Osborne and Miss Nellie Perryer in a sun-bathing sketch: Guido's dogs; and, as aforesaid, the worshipful Mr. Payne and his "boys." To these good companions must be added Mr. Walter Nillson, a clown-cyclist with a sense of humour and a pretty taste in single-wheelers (which may be anything from a wooden ellipse with two pedals to an enormous one-wheeled stilt); Naughton and Gold as *comp  res* in cross-talk and slap-stick unlimited, and the Houston Sisters. My persistent inability to remember which is which is only equalled by my admiration of both. The process by which Eton-crop booms out the bass accompaniment while Golden-locks, bubbling over with high spirits, rattles off the high spots, is an object lesson to elder sisters. Golden-locks is one of those born comediennes who is capable of anything from cart-wheels to straight comedy. "TRINCULO."



"Hullo! Is that you, Auntie? Betty speaking. Good morning and a Happy Christmas! I want to thank you for the gift of this lovely Vi-Spring. Comfortable doesn't describe it, Auntie, it's truly luxurious! Nine o'clock and I'm not up yet . . . I feel inclined to stay in bed half the morning, its softness is so enticing. It really is a beautiful present, and I'm promising myself lots of beauty sleep."

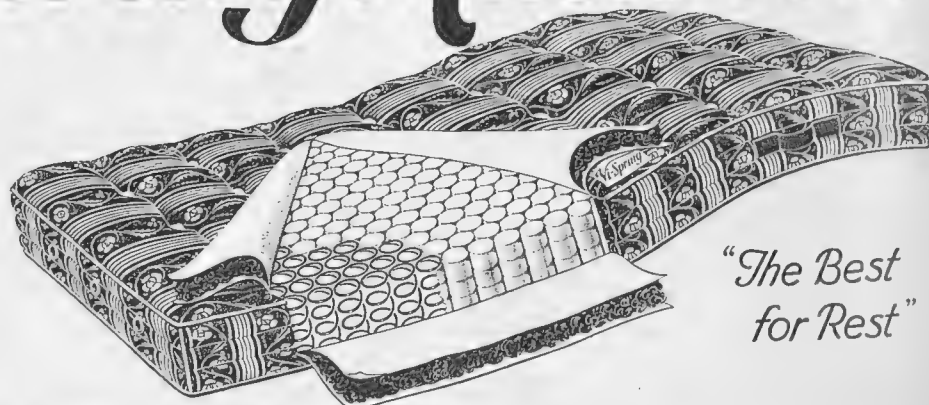
The hours of rest spent on a Vi-Spring Overlay Mattress are hours of luxurious comfort. Springs, hundreds of them, yield with a gentle, soft resilience that ensures correct support and allows complete relaxation which composes you for sleep.

Vi-Spring Mattress

GIVE A "VI-SPRING" THIS CHRISTMAS

The gift of a "Vi-Spring" will ensure for the recipient nights of unvarying comfort and restful sleep that builds good health. When purchasing look for the registered name "Vi-Spring" and be sure you get "The Best for Rest" Mattress.

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to accept six pairs of Kayser Stockings!"**

**"Oh, darling, what have you been doing?
It was only one pair last time!"**



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WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



Lafayette

MISS SARAH ALSTON

The elder daughter of Captain Rowland Alston and Mrs. Alston of 25, Montpelier Place, Knightsbridge, who is engaged to Mr. John Pakenham, the only son of Captain and Mrs. Hewitt Pakenham of Westfield, Weybridge

don, and Miss Enid Robertson, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. M. S. Robertson of Calcutta, are being married to-day (December 9) at Calcutta.

Next Month.

Mr. Rodger Wrightson and Miss Violet Mary Bellamy are being married some time next month; also in January is the marriage between Mr. James Lennox Kerr and Miss Elizabeth Lamorna Birch.

Recently Engaged.

Major William Ruston of Alderbury Holt, Salisbury, and Miss Kathleen Sylvia Custance, the second

Abroad.

Some time in January Mr. Henry George Liddell of Fairview, Gadzema, South Rhodesia, the eldest son of Sir Frederick and Lady Liddell of 9, Culford Gardens, is marrying Miss Amelia Lydia Walker, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Walker of Gadzema, and the wedding will take place in Gadzema; Mr. William Harcourt Palmer Landon, the eldest son of Mr. H. P. Landon of Shenfield, Brentwood, Essex, and the late Mrs. Lan-



Fisk-Moore

MR. AND MRS. C. EMPSON

Who were married on November 14 at Canterbury Cathedral. Mr. Charles Empson, H.M. Consul, Baghdad, is the third son of the late Mr. A. R. Empson and Mrs. Empson, and his wife was formerly Miss Monica Rosemary Tomlin, and is the only daughter of Canon and Mrs. Tomlin of The Warden's Lodge, Canterbury

daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Henry Neville Custance of The Cottage, Sandheath, Salisbury; Mr. Thomas Henry Bevan, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Bevan, Barnfield, Bromley, Kent, and Miss Sighe Ignasia Macardle, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Macardle, Miltown Grange, Castlebellingham, County Louth; Dr. H. G. Somerville, the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Somerville, Victoria Square, Stirling, and Miss Barbara Crofts, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Crofts of Kilsby Grange, Rugby; Mr. Duncan S. Gough of Old Hall, Pakenham, Suffolk, the younger son of the late

Mr. Charles S. Gough and of Mrs. Gough of Bury St. Edmunds, and Miss Dora Bell Butler, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Butler of Havering, Stansted, Essex.

This Month.

The marriage between Paymaster-Lieutenant A. Hawkins, Royal Navy, H.M.S. *Nelson*, and Miss Mina Minhinnick, the only child of Engineer-Commander and Mrs. F. B. Minhinnick, took place quietly in Plymouth on December 5.

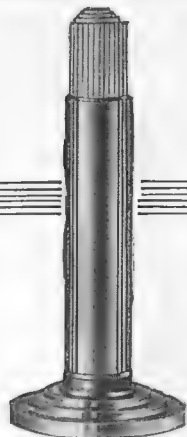


Till

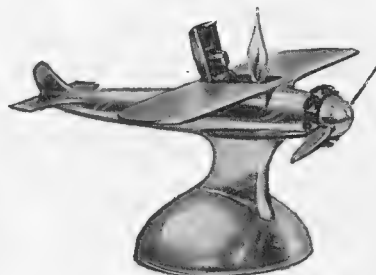
MR. N. C. NEILL

Who is engaged to Miss Mairi Milne, the daughter of the late Mr. J. Milne of Buckingham Gate. Mr. Norman Clark Neill, who is the Vice-Commodore of the Royal Southern Y.C. and the Royal London Y.C. (Cowes), is a familiar figure at Cowes and Ryde

Novelty, Utility and Charm characterise these
GIFTS "OUT-OF-THE-ORDINARY"
 from J. C. Vickery of Regent Street

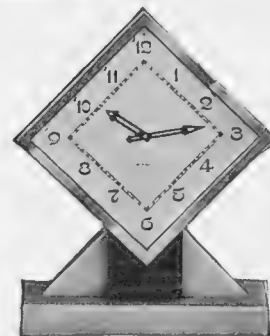
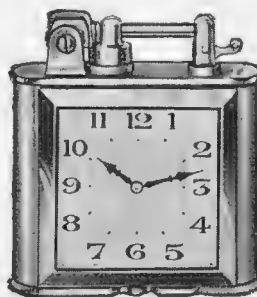


The Electric Candle Lamp. Lights when lifted, or can be switched on to burn continuously. E.P. 16s. 6d.



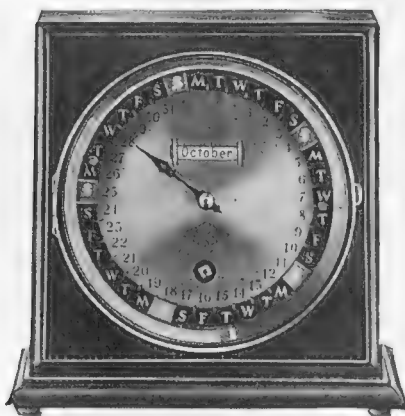
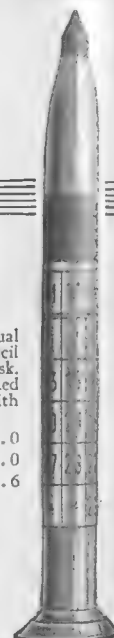
The New Aeroplane Table Lighter in Chromium Plate. £1.10.0

Combined Automatic Table Lighter and 8-day Clock in Chromium Plate. £7.10.0



Chromium Plated Clock and Onyx Base. £4.17.6

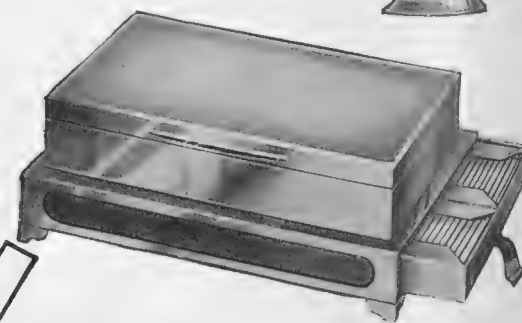
Silver Perpetual Calendar Pencil for the desk. Three sizes. Red and Blue with Seal end.
 3½ in., £1.15.0
 4½ in., £2.2.0
 5½ in., £2.12.6



The New Perpetual Calendar Clock, only requires winding once a month. Oak £3.5.0
 Mahogany, £3.10.0 Chromium Plate, £1.19.6

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Combined Cigarette Box and Match Sheath, Engine-turned Silver. £5.12.6

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Exquisite Christmas Presents from Harriet Hubbard Ayer

Here are the most charming of all presents; things beautiful in themselves and designed to enhance her own loveliness. Each one is a subtle flattery. Perfume that is like the aura of her personality. Powders to bloom on her velvet cheek. Delicate rouges for lips and nails. Alluring shadows for her sparkling eyes. Every one in a case modelled with an artist's eye and a jeweller's cunning.

BEAUTIFYING FACE POWDER *An exquisite powder, sifted to the utmost fineness and tinted in all the newest and subtlest shades—4/3.*

VANITY CASE *A slim powder compact in a charming round black and silver case—2/3.*

OBLONG VANITY CASE *of silver and black enamel. Single (powder only) 6/6. Double (powder and rouge) 10/6. Double with lipstick 12/6.*

TRIPLE VANITY SET *The smartest vanity set ever designed. In a fascinating modernist case with the new double-hinged opening. Powder, Rouge, and Cream Rouge 21/-. With lipstick 27/6.*

NEW PURMASQUE *To give an alluring darkness and a sweeping curve to the eyelashes. In a slender silver box 4/3. Refills 2/-.*

PERFUME APRES TOUT *A scent for the sophisticated, gay yet subtle. In a crystal flask 15/-.*

PERFUME LILAS *The very breath of a sun-warmed lilac bush. Price 23/3, or in a flaconette for the handbag 6/9.*

PERFUME JASMIN *One of the most romantic and delicate of flower scents. Price 27/-, or in a flaconette 6/9.*

BRILLIANTINE *A new brilliantine that gives the hair a wonderful sheen without a trace of stickiness. Men and women appreciate it equally. In a smart round bottle 2/3.*

Harriet Hubbard Ayer preparations are obtainable from all good Department Stores, Hairdressers and Chemists.
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HARRIET HUBBARD AYER

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Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 424

ground for at least twenty-two years, let a scream out of himself and flung a lep of at least two hundred yards, and landed all trembling in the next field but one. Bill and Biddy were never seen again. And if you don't believe about Byard go and have a hunt with the Baron (de Boeuf) and see the spot where he landed marked with horse-shoes at "Byard's Leap."

This agitation in connection with things called "extras" in school bills naturally has received the whole-hearted support of the persons who have to pay; but I feel that if a plebiscite were taken of those who incur, at any rate, one class of "extras" there would be an almost unanimous vote for the axe. At one establishment in pre-War (and pre-Warre) times the charge used to be—so far as I remember—5s. per the half-dozen. During the strenuous days of the War, and since, when the prices of all things, luxuries and necessities alike, have taken a sharp upward curve, the scale I understand has been steady at 7s. 6d., and no reduction even offered on taking (or getting) a quantity. It seems to me that one of the first "extras" which should be cut out *in toto* is this one, and that every *alumnus* should be entitled to any quantity entirely free. No figures or Blue Books are at my present disposal to tell me whether the rise in price is in any way justified by the increased cost of forestry, but I am inclined to think that no such justification exists, and that the extra half-crown, or dollar, for just a few hazel or

other twigs has been merely a brain-wave on the part of some scholastic Viscount Snowden (or Earl of Dunrobin) to be. At some centres of education I understand this item in the bill has ere now been put down under the heading of "sundries"; this, no doubt, has been kindly meant because some parents, who have had "extras" themselves, at once tumbled to what was at the bottom of it, so to speak, when the other word was used.

There is a moral to this tale about a plug-ugly which comes from Los Angeles:

Because he stopped to take a bath, before fleeing over the border to Mexico, James ("Socks") McDonnough, a Chicago gunman, was caught by the police who have "wanted" him for five years.

The moral is: *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*, or in free translation, "You never hadn't ought to do something as you never have been and done before."

A further contribution to the Old War Horse Fund of £9 has been sent to me by Mrs. C. Rich per Mrs. Wilfred Holden and has been duly forwarded to Lloyds Bank, Fleet, Hants, where Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke keeps this account open. Although the appeal made in this country has met with a most generous response and some people, like Mrs. Wilfred Holden, have collected substantial sums—over £60 in her case—there is still a pressing need for more to carry the thing through. Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke writes me from Cairo that the constant fear is that funds may run short before all that she has planned to do has been satisfactorily accomplished.



WITH THE FERNIE: LADY KATHLEEN ROLLO AND LADY BEATTY

The Fernie are in great form this season, but everyone in the country was saddened by the news of Arthur Thatcher's death. During his lifetime he made a good bit of Fernie history. Lady Kathleen Rollo is Lord Downshire's sister. Admiral Lord Beatty is gradually recovering from the bad accident he had—a kick which broke his jaw



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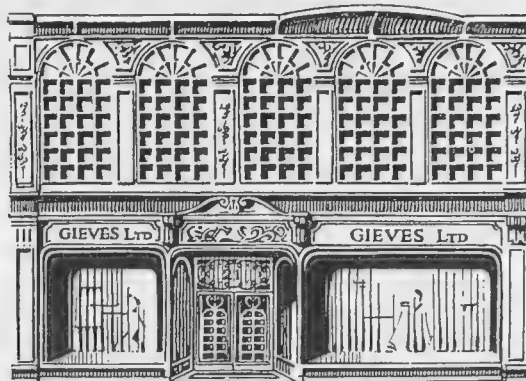
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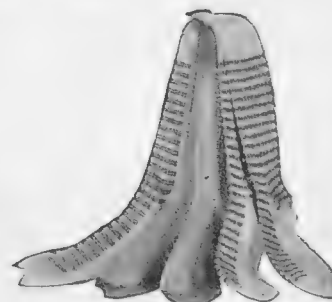
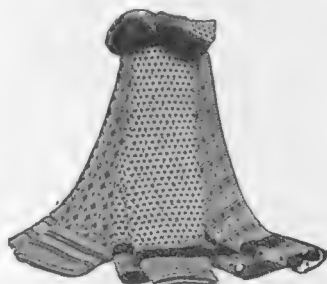
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LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

The last of the big Shows of the year is Birmingham, on December 9 and 10. All shows have their distinguishing characteristics and that of Birmingham is extreme friendliness. The President, Sir Walter Evans; the Chairmen, Mr. Willmot, Mr. McCandlish, and Mr. Keeling, the Secretary, make all exhibitors feel welcome and at home, with the result that Birmingham "goes with a snap" from start to finish. In addition, the Show has the prestige of being the pioneer of all shows, the forthcoming exhibition being the sixty-eighth held by the society, which was founded in 1859. Birmingham has the privilege of giving certificates in every breed provided, and the Show is always well worth a visit. A big Show of this kind makes one realize what an industry the dog fancy is.



M. Sneesby
BLUESTONE OF AMWELL
The property of Lady Faudel-Phillips

One occasionally hears people talk as though it was only an amusement for the well-to-do, the fact really being that hundreds of people have invested their "little all" in dogs, and that the main support of dog shows, as of most things, is the "little man," and certainly "woman"! Add to this the many who are connected directly or indirectly with the running of shows, and one realizes that our hobby is a big industry of national importance, giving employment to thousands of people and doing a good export trade.

It is always both interesting and instructive to see pictures of the best dogs of any breed, and when one sees a picture of a dog belonging to Lady Faudel-Phillips one knows it is a good one. There is no better judge of a Chow, and many are the famous dogs she has owned. At this moment her kennel is particularly



DALMATIANS
The property of Miss Grant-Ives

give, won the Challenge Certificate at Taunton last year. The other lady, Perdita Joy, won the certificate at Cardiff this year. She has a family by Leader of Simonside, recently exported to America. These puppies are for sale, and should be good ones. Bedlington's have lately become exceedingly fashionable; one sees them about everywhere.

Letters to MISS BRUCE, Nut-hooks, Cadnam, Southampton.

strong. The picture is of Bluestone of Amwell, a blue dog, as his name implies. Blues are very popular, but good ones are not easy to come by. Bluestone has been shown several times and has won firsts and seconds. Lady Faudel-Phillips has some lovely three-months-old puppies for sale; it is needless to say they are of the best breeding possible.

The unexpected often happens, and the final disappearance of the "coach" and all it stood for has witnessed a return to favour of the "coach dog," who now, under his other name of Dalmatian, is one of the first favourites in the show ring. He is a most handsome, striking dog, of a lovely shape. Miss Grant-Ives sends a picture of her Dalmatian puppies. The one in the front is for sale. Miss Grant-Ives says, "The photograph was taken some time ago, so of course she has grown a good bit; she is very nicely spotted and should make a winner." Miss Grant-Ives also has a younger litter to sell; the mother is Standure Porcelain, a great prize-winner. All these puppies are hardy, healthy, and strong.

Mrs. O'Brien, whose Alsations are so well known to us, has added Bedlington's to her kennel. She has two Bedlington ladies, one of whom, Gardener's Renown, whose picture we



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The property of Mrs. O'Brien

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AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

The Greatest Yet.

It is usual for the greatest flights to receive the least notice. The Atlantic crossing by Squadron-Leader Bert Hinkler in his De Havilland Puss Moth, the first light aeroplane crossing of the Atlantic, is among the six greatest flights in history. Yet it has made less stir than many comparatively insignificant achievements. Indeed if it had not been for the Castrol advertisements, it would have gone almost unnoticed. Hinkler's flight marks a stage in light aeroplane flying and private flying generally as notable as those marked by his flight to Rome in the Avro Baby and his flight to Australia in fifteen and a half days in the Avro Avian.

I place Hinkler beside Captain De Havilland as having done more for private flying than anyone else on earth. Captain De Havilland was responsible for the machine type and Hinkler was responsible for showing what it can do. He has not been content with clipping hours or minutes off former records; he has set out to increase the scope of the light aeroplane by pioneer flights over new routes. And he has always kept the essential of high speed in view. Hinkler, in an all-British aeroplane, flew from Natal to Bathurst, south of Dakar, an ocean crossing of 2,000 miles in twenty-two hours in a machine of 120 h.p. Just before he had flown 1,800 miles from New York to Jamaica in the same machine. His flights have again demonstrated the supremacy of British aircraft.

Practical Flying.

I have been sent a book, "Practical Flying for Amateurs," which the Shell petrol people have produced. It sells at 5s., and contains more information than could normally be offered at that price on a commercial, book-producing basis, so that the company must be thanked. I liked particularly Captain Baker's article on flying instruction. Captain Baker is not only one of our greatest instructors; but he is also one of the best-known personalities in civil flying, and in his article he manages,

so it seems to me, to convey both his methods of instruction and something of his personality. Captain Shaw, a pioneer of the London-Continental airway who has been flying continuously for something like sixteen years, writes on cross-country flying, and gives a clear idea of how the pilot should set about it. And Flight-Lieutenant R. R. Bentley writes on aerobatics. The diagrams, of which there are a great number, deserve special mention, for they give, as I think, the clearest indication of what the pupil has to do when landing, taking off, and making turns in the air that it is possible to give on paper. A book which takes the amateur by the hand, and a book which everyone who flies or wants to should see to it that he possesses.



FLIGHT-LIEUT. H. F. JENKINS
Chief Instructor at Air Service Training, Ltd., at Hamble. Flight-Lieut. Jenkins was one of those responsible for introducing the present craze for blind flying into civil aviation

Autogiros.

The progress made by the autogiro is one of the most astonishing things in flying. Señor de la Cierva invented it at a time when everyone thought that the aeroplane had said the last word in the matter of the general principles of design for heavier-than-air machines. Now, after a very brief development period, it emerges in a form satisfactory for use by private aircraft owners. That it is not more difficult to fly than the ordinary aeroplane was proved conclusively by Mrs. James G. Weir, wife of Air Commodore Weir, the other day at Hanworth. She had done only nine hours' solo flying in Moths, and then she had thirty-five minutes' dual in the closed cabin autogiro built by the De Havilland Company and took it up solo. She flew for twenty minutes and, although her landing was not so sure as those of people who have spent hundreds of hours on the machine, it was safe and satisfactory. Mrs. Weir is thus the first woman to fly this type of machine in England and the first genuinely amateur pilot to fly it anywhere.

Many professional pilots have now flown the autogiro, among them Flight-Lieut. Stainforth, holder of the world's speed record. The general view is that the new machines with their mechanical starters for the rotor, their full cantilever, folding rotor blades, their wheel brakes and other refinements, are certain to fill an important place in flying in the future though it is not generally thought that they will oust the ordinary aeroplane.



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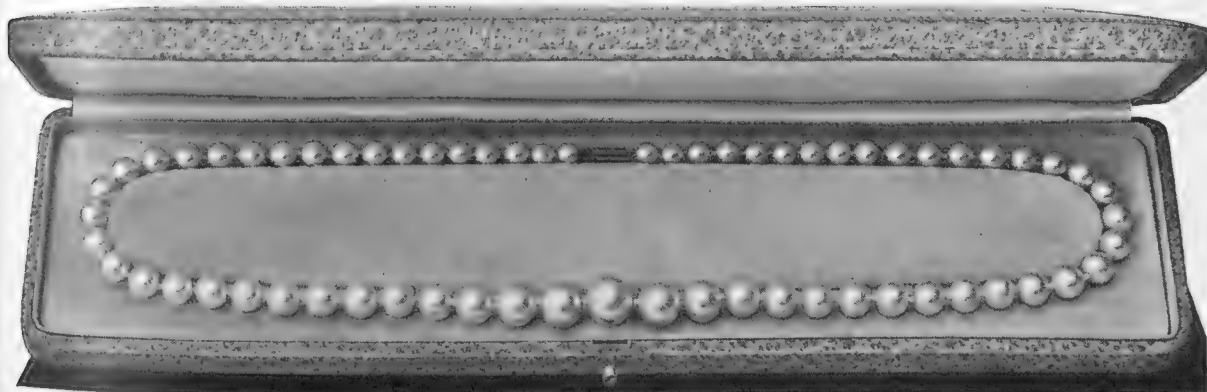
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Rogue's Harvest—continued from p. 430

"I've got to talk to you, father. Something—awful—happened to me last night. I was having a friendly game of cards with Colonel Adler, the bridge expert—you know—and—you've noticed my habit of fidgeting?—well, quite by mistake —"

Old Seth, listening, began to frown. As the story ended his hands clenched.

"You mean these men, they'll tell everyone you cheat?" he asked.

"Get me blackballed at every decent club," confirmed Leon, gloomily.

"It's four of them against my bare word —"

His father sat back; his big, loose mouth opened and shut speechlessly, then his fist crashed down, the outburst came.

"I spend money, money, money to make you expensive friends." His voice ran up in a shrill shriek, the guttural German note in the last syllable. "And you—you spoil all by cheating at a silly game for a few miserable shillings!" He choked.

"Father! Are you suggesting —?" Fear gave Leon a realistic pallor. Old Seth cut him short.

"Bah! I am done with you. You are crooked all through. You have had everything, yet you are crooked. I don't know how you get it. Gott in Himmel, to have such a waster for a son!"

Leon took a deep breath.

"Listen, father —"

"Get out."

Leon got up, reached for his hat.

"Very well, but you'll be sorry." He turned towards the door. One angry, bloodshot eye cocked up at him from between the hands which clenched old Seth's head. Leon hid a smile.

"Well. What is it?" growled Seth. Leon bent forward confidentially.

"These two, Wood and Rawdon, they'll be pleased when this gets about, won't they?" His father groaned; it was true that he boasted to his partners of his smart, clever son. Leon went on quickly. "They'll have the laugh of their lives, if you let them. But money talks —"

"With a man like Adler?" Seth was frankly disbelieving.

"With everyone," said Leon coolly.

Seth considered, weighing the cash against the loss of face.

He growled, "How much?"

Leon told him.

"Twelve thousand pounds? Twel— —! It would be cheaper to sue for libel!"

"And have the story in the papers?"

Seth gave way; his hand went to the telephone.

"No!" Leon's hand shot out, drawing it away. "Look here, father, this is a delicate business; if Adler took offence—you don't know him —"

Seth sat back, sullenly.

"Then what do you want?"

"A cheque—to my account. I'll see Adler to-night."

For a long moment Seth's sharp little eyes searched his son's face; Leon met them hardily. Then, without a word, Seth took out his cheque-book.

"I'm grateful, father," there was great sincerity in Leon's voice as he folded the cheque.

"You needn't be," said Seth grimly. "From now on, your allowance goes down by half."

A gulp, a swift calculation, and Leon smiled wryly. After he had gone Seth stared long at the closed door. Then he picked up the telephone and rang his son's bank.

At precisely ten next morning, Leon found himself summoned to his father's office. Old Seth barely waited for the door to close before he broke out impatiently: "Well! did they take it?"

Leon nodded. "Three thousand apiece."

Without waste of speech Seth took four slips of paper from beneath the blotter and passed them to Leon—four cheques duly endorsed, each for two thousand pounds.

A slow flush spread over Leon's dark skin; for once he could find no words.

"You did me," said Seth slowly, letting the words out one by one. "The only person who ever has—my own son!"

A silence fell, lengthened, grew unbearable.

"Well?" Leon rapped it out miserably.

"What are you going to do?"

"Take you into partnership," said his father simply. "You're a smart boy."



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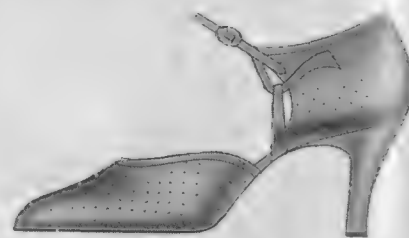
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WITH THE WEXFORD HOUNDS

A group taken at Lacken last week, and the names, left to right, are: Mr. John Murphy (on horse), Major M. L. Lakin, D.S.O., M.C., M.P.H., Mrs. T. A. Colfer, Mr. T. A. Colfer (Hon. Sec. of the Hunt), Mrs. Ferrier-Kerr, Miss Thompson, Captain P. Roche, Mr. Maxwell Strong, and Captain Robin Cazalet (hon. huntsman). Captain Robin Cazalet, the hon. huntsman, is staying with Major Lakin at Horetown, Foulksmills, Wexford. He has his own aeroplane at Horetown, and is as keen on flying as on hunting, and often makes an aerial survey of the coverts from, be it said, a sufficient altitude not to disturb the occupants

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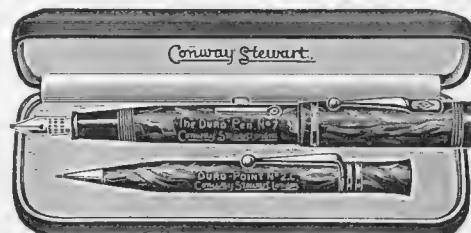
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Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 432

conspicuously quiet), and a sunshine-roof body with most elegant real leather upholstery, and such an unusual extent of roominess that there is a folding-arm rest for the back passengers. Both within and without, both in mass and in detail, the whole car is most excellently turned out. And very well indeed does she go. Unlike some of the same power-class (the Pilot comes in the justly popular Twelve-Six group), the engine is very much alive and responds readily to the ignition lever. To get the best results, accordingly, you have to pay a certain amount of attention to the latter, but not so much as to make the driving of the car a laborious pleasure.

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OXFORD UNIVERSITY v. MAJOR R. V. STANLEY'S XV

R. S. Crisp

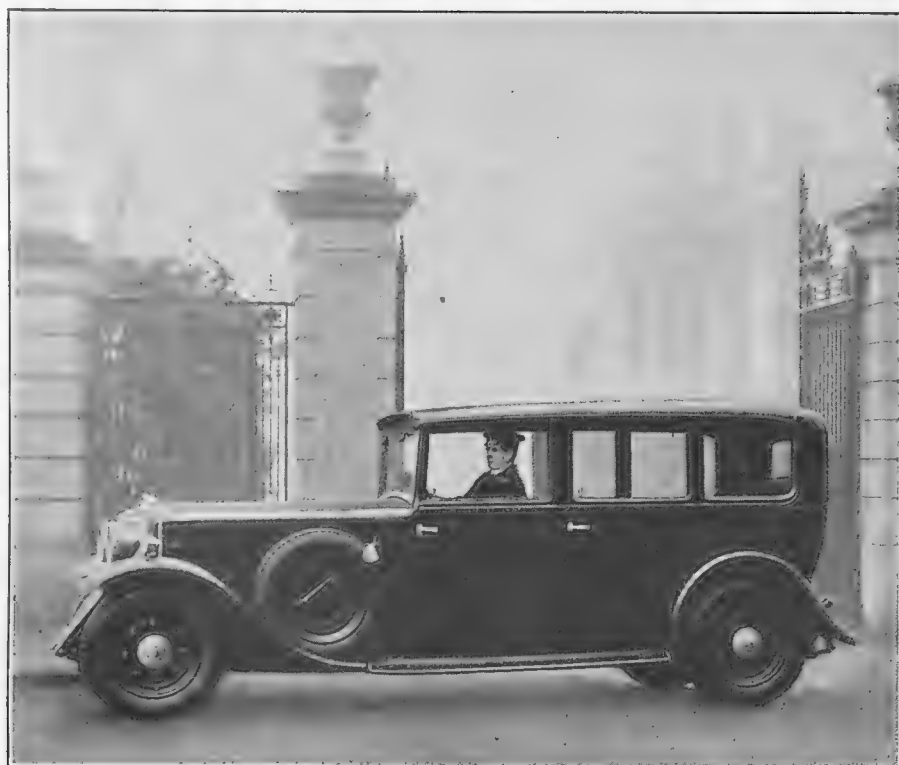
The combined teams engaged in the recent match which ended in a draw, 24 points all, and it can be said quite truthfully that honours were easy

The names are: J. A. Adamson, S. L. Waide, A. E. Brookes, P. C. Minns, H. D. B. Lorraine, W. Roberts (Oxford captain), N. K. Lamport, K. W. J. Jones, E. S. Nicholson, W. A. H. Druitt, R. R. MacGibbon, W. E. Henley, R. C. S. Low, T. L. Tanner, H. M. Kelly; Lieutenant R. K. Hodgkin, P. D. Howard, Lieutenant C. M. Morrell, N. G. Hobbs, C. Horden (captain), C. R. Hopwood, G. G. Gregory, D. A. Allen, C. A. R. Lawrence, B. C. Gadney, C. F. Cardale, L. L. Bedford, R. A. Gerrard, A. C. Harrison, S. A. Block, Major R. V. Stanley. Major Stanley is in the centre of the front row, and the two captains either side of him. The Oxford team are in dark jerseys

The Blue Bird.

Strictly speaking, I suppose I ought to remain mum upon the subject of aeroplanes, for that is Major Oliver Stewart's well-defined province. However, my dear Priscilla in Paris sometimes steals a spot of *essence* from me, so I must occasionally retaliate by pinching a particle or two of air from him, for which I hope he will forgive me. But, in any case, Mrs. Victor Bruce had made her name in the motor world long before she ever thought about taking to aviation. I have been reading her book on the "Bluebird's Flight" practically round the world, and I will say at once that it is easily the best thing of its kind that has ever been composed. I must have read quite hundreds of books on flying

during the last few years, but this is the only one that I just *had* to devour at a single sitting. And, mind you, there is quite plenty of it. With the question of whether it is great literature I am not in the least concerned, but I wish I could write half as well myself; the great point is that it is just this gallant little lady telling one all about one of the most amazingly daring things ever done by a woman in a characteristically modest and always humorous way. The book is quite in a class by itself; at all events I know of none to which I can liken or compare it, and Mrs. P.V. found it just as enthralling as I did.

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The new Long 20 h.p. Enclosed Limousine
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£725
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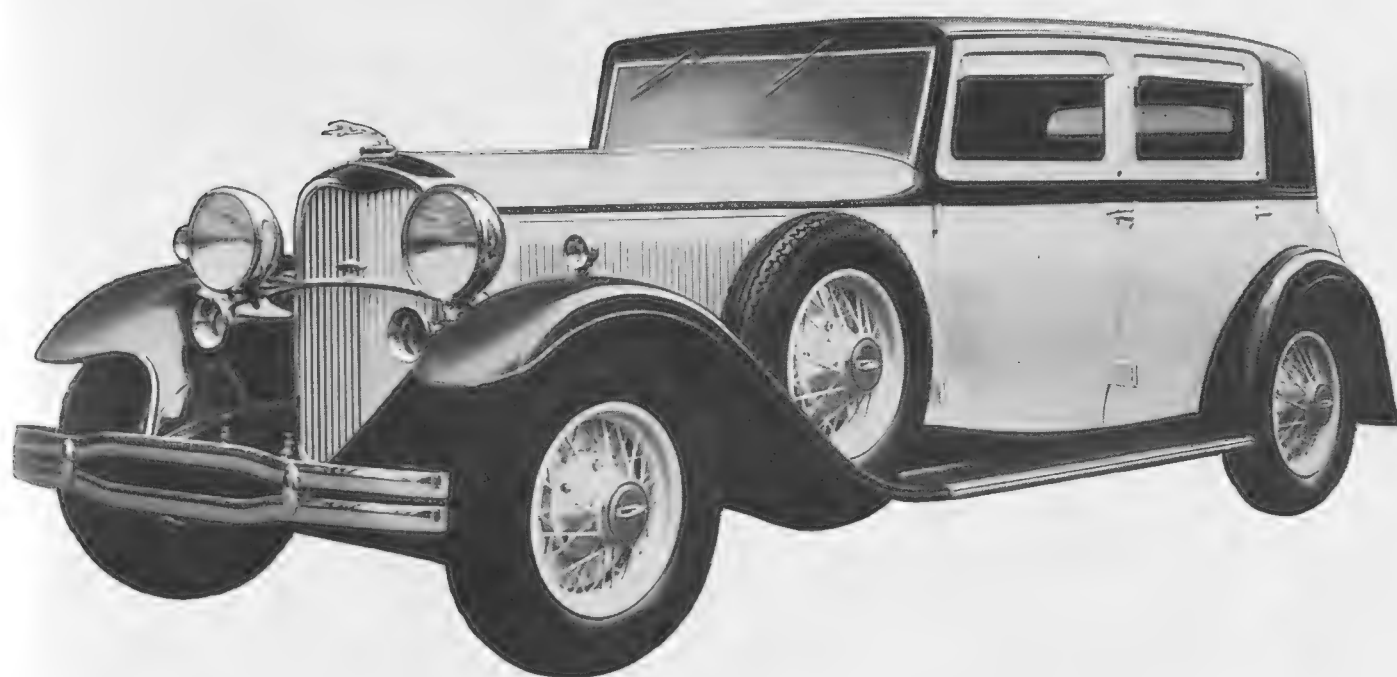
IN the new Long 20 Armstrong Siddeley with Self-Changing Gear you have the best car you can buy. It embodies everything you can possibly desire and ranks with the highest priced luxury cars. Yet its price is only £725. Distinguished in appearance and restful to a degree to ride in. With ample room for six people it affords luxurious travel over any roads for any distance. A car of exceptional stamina and capable of smooth, sustained speed. Choose this new Long 20 for its outstanding luxury and performance.

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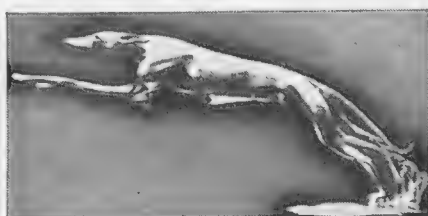
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of Norway, Their Royal Highnesses
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MOTOR AND AIR NOTES



THE HON. MRS. VICTOR BRUCE

The first woman aviator to learn Blind Flying at the Air Service Training School at Hamble. The chief instructor, Flight-Lieutenant Jenkins, is in the front seat and the machine is an Avro Tutor

No motorist unless he is exploring trackless country would dream of carrying a pick and shovel as part of the standard equipment of his car. Such tools, however, are among the accessories included in Mrs. Churchill Wylie's lavishly equipped Rolls-Royce Phantom II limousine. The car is intended for long-distance trials and is equipped for every contingency as regards maintenance and repairs and personal comfort. In an attractive cabinet, for instance, there is a complete picnic outfit and larder, whilst for the comfort of passengers on a long run the front compartment is fitted with hinged head-rests and the rear compartment with two leg-rests which fold into the floor. At the top of the wind-screen in front of the passenger's seat in the front compartment is a spring roller for maps. The luggage trunk at the rear is most elaborate. The front folds forward revealing a basin, a tank of water, towels, and so forth, whilst to get at the luggage itself the top hinges upwards. The tools are carried in the lid of the luggage trunk.

There is more need in winter than in summer to change the oil regularly; and in recommending motorists to drain off the sump and refill with fresh oil after so many miles running, the oil companies are not preaching mere counsels of perfection. It has been definitely proved that dirty oil does serious harm to the engine. "The oil itself does not deteriorate," said one of the Wakefield Company's technical experts, "but in the ordinary course of running it becomes so contaminated with impurities that ultimately it cannot be expected to function efficiently. Samples of used Castrol tested in the laboratory at Hayes show that the two main causes of contamination are dilution by unburnt petrol and the presence of condensed water vapour. No matter how well the car is running, there is always a little unburnt petrol which condenses on the cylinder walls. It is on a cold morning when starting up a stone-cold engine that the proportion of unburnt petrol is at its highest. Again, water vapour is a normal product of combustion. If you hold a cold plate over a lighted candle, small beads of water will condense on it. In exactly the same way an appreciable quantity of water vapour condenses on the cylinder walls in a cold engine, and if the piston rings and cylinders are at all worn much of this condensed water vapour will find its way into the sump. The difference in the appearance of used oil and fresh oil is enough to show how much dirt—carbon and road dust—is picked up as the oil is used. What you cannot see is the amount of water and unburnt petrol.



WITH THE WEST KENT

A pretty old-world setting for a meet of the West Kent Hounds. The modern Ford car provided a striking contrast to the less modern sight of hounds on a hunting morn

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YOU CAN BE
SURE OF SHELL

Different conditions demand
different characteristics so

WINTER SHELL

petrol is specially blended
to give quick starting in cold
weather

ROUND AND ABOUT NOTES

The Medici Society's Christmas cards and calendars are this year as varied and charming as ever. All tastes are catered for, as will be seen by a glance at their various series, among which are The Garden Lovers Series, The Royal Academy Series, Grafton Series, The Ship Series, Sportsman's Cards, The Old Masters Series, Old London Cards, Flower Series, and The Lorenzo Series. The Medici Engagement Calendar is particularly useful, being designed to give a page to each month; this is priced at 2s. 6d. The Medici Society's goods are stocked by all high-class stationers and stores.

The Countess of Iveagh is kindly lending her lovely house at 11, St. James's Square, on Friday, December 18, for two dances which are being given in aid of the Cot Endowment Fund of the Junior Branch, Westminster Hospital Ladies' Association. The first dance is from 5 till 8, and Madame Karsavina has kindly consented to give an exhibition; there will also be a hurdy-gurdy and a goosery for the children. For the second dance, which is from 9 till 1 a.m., there will be Pilbeam's band and pipers of the Scots Guards. Full particulars as to tickets, etc., can be obtained from the President of the Junior Branch, Lady Keppel, Grosvenor Hotel, S.W. 1.

Charles Letts' diaries sweep all excuses, old and new, from under your feet. Everything you ought to remember in your own particular walk of life or hobby is provided for, including facts in gardening, motoring (A.A. motorists' diary), wireless, poultry-keeping. Apart from these four diaries there is the Mayfair diary, guaranteed not to cause a crease in the smartest white waistcoat, and the British Empire diary, which tells Englishmen many things they ought to know about their own inheritance. All these pocket diaries are fitted with the new Ticketab, which is a perpetual tablet for the forgetful, and Letts have doubled all the insurance benefits to holders of their diaries without raising the price of the diaries themselves.

The Chelsea Arts Club annual ball will be held at the Royal Albert Hall on New Year's Eve, December 31, 1931. The theme and setting will be "Fifty Years Hence." The tickets on this occasion will be 30s. and will include supper and refreshments supplied by the Mayfair Catering

Company. Boxes are from 5 guineas. Fancy costume is essential for men, but Venetian cloaks may be worn. Tickets to view from the balcony are 6s. each including tax. Fancy dress is not necessary for these seats and refreshments may be purchased. It is not possible to reserve seats. Tickets cannot be despatched until paid for. The Embassy Band and Jack Harris's Grosvenor House Band. Pipers and drummers. Tickets may be obtained from members of the club, the Royal Albert Hall, the ticket agencies, and from G. Sherwood Foster, 15, Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W. 7, to whom all correspondence should be addressed. Telephone Western 5148.



A BEAUTIFUL ADAM MANTELPIECE

This exquisite specimen of an Adam mantelpiece is one of the many fascinating items which will come under the hammer at 3, Seamore Place, Park Lane, on Monday, December 21, when Messrs. Curtis and Henson will sell the contents of this interesting house. Amongst other things are some lovely pieces of old Dresden, some of which are shown on the mantelpiece above. Catalogues can be obtained from the auctioneers at 5, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W. 1

A message and tonic of hope have been brought to many thousands of sufferers by the Cancer Hospital (Free), Fulham Road. Patients know that gathered here under one roof are men who have devoted their genius to the conquest of cancer. The most skilful treatment, the most expensive and up-to-date equipment, are ready to alleviate or to cure their distress. The latest effort of the Cancer Hospital has been the construction of a new wing comprising a new radiological department and accommodation for patients who can contribute towards their cost. This new wing, which will make the Cancer Hospital possibly the largest of its kind in the world, has cost, with equipment, £150,000; approximately £70,000 is still required. Will you please send a donation or subscription to-day to the secretary, the Cancer Hospital (Free), Fulham Road, S.W. 3.

The Golf Ball will be held at Grosvenor House, Park Lane, on Thursday, December 17. The ball is in aid of the Extensions Appeal Fund of St. Mary's Hospital, London. The Embassy Band will be in attendance, and there will be dancing from 9.30 to 2.30. Tickets are 1 guinea each (including buffet refreshments), and may be obtained from the Chairman, Member of Committee, Grosvenor House, W.

The Orient Company, who first introduced pleasure cruising by large ocean-going steamers, have issued an extensive programme of cruises for 1932, the first item being a six weeks' cruise to the West Indies by the *Otranto*, sailing January 27. This is an opportunity which will appeal to the many who would or must avoid the trying climatic conditions of mid-winter in this country.



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A fine dry Champagne
Gastin Frères, Carte
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A sample ½ bottle will
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it now.

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Amontillado	Alto Douro	Scotch H.R.H.
5/6 per bottle.	4/6 per bottle.	12/3 per bottle.

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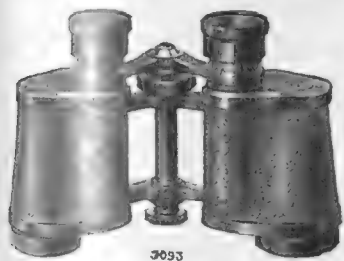
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THE "RYSTEAD"

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Illustrated here is a practical Skiing Boot that will meet the requirements of men, women, and boys. In Black or Tan Waterproof Grain leather, with apron front and full bellows tongue. Absolutely waterproof. Solid leather soles. Sizes: Men's, 6 to 12. Women's, 3 to 8. Boys' sizes, 13 to 2. Post free.



FOR DECORATION



FOR LIGHTING



FOR GIFTS

This special gift box contains four 14" "Nell Gwynn" Candles with bases to match and costs only 5/-. If unobtainable locally, send remittance and we execute post free.

**FIELD'S
"NELL
GWYNN"
Solid Dyed Candles**

FREE: An illustrated "Nell Gwynn" Candle booklet will be sent post free on request to J. C. & J. Field, Ltd., Dept. W, London, S.E.1. Established 1642 in the Reign of Charles the First.

Aldwych

THINGS THAT

A New Gift Section.

A new gift department has been opened at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W., the prices which prevail being 10s. 6d., 21s., 30s., and 42s. Apparently every department has contributed in order that it may contain things of great loveliness as well as those of utility. It must not for a moment be imagined that there is not an infinite variety of choice in less expensive things that are sure of an enthusiastic welcome throughout the year.

The Torridaire Heat Pad.

The Torridaire Heat Pad is pictured on this page; when in use it looks just like a *pochette*; it is, however, reinforced with a pad. It will last for months without any attention save the addition of two tablespoonfuls of cold water when heat is required. And then a matter of paramount importance is that it costs 6s. 6d. only. It may be used in a bed, in a cot, in a car or pram, and in order to demonstrate its ubiquitous character it must be related that it was used on the *Graf Zeppelin* on the world cruise. Furthermore, it is a veritable boon to invalids, and so is the Gulliver foot-bag muff for 57s. 6d.



Picture by Blake
The Torridaire Heat Pad affords warmth and comfort everywhere; it heats itself with cold water, and may be seen at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W. It is an ideal Christmas gift

ARE DIFFERENT

Bath Eau de Cologne.

And, of course, perfumes of all kinds occupy a very prominent position at Marshall and Snelgrove's. There is bath eau-de-Cologne in an artistic bottle for 10s.; originally it was 15s. It contains forty-five ounces; bath salt cubes, six dozen in a box, being 7s. 6d. The new plush cuddly doll, an all-British production, is 20s.; again, there are artistic boxes for necklaces, gloves, and stockings.

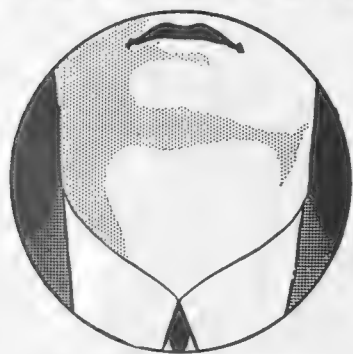
Handkerchiefs for Young and Old.

It is indeed a pleasure to visit the handkerchief department as there is something for everyone. For the kiddies there are the round Europe, zoo, and train books; they contain six handkerchiefs; they are 2s. 3d., and have a decidedly educative value. Then there are puzzle games, accompanied by three handkerchiefs, for 1s. 6d. For men, a feature is made of fine sheer linen ones with double woven cord border and long initial for 2s. 6d. each. Then, incredible as it may seem, there are self-coloured linen handkerchiefs in twenty-three shades for 5s. 11d.

Nature Eclipsed.

It is no exaggeration to state that the artificial flowers at Marshall and Snelgrove's cast a shadow over Nature's handiwork, and what is more they are not expensive. For instance, there are miniature orange trees for 3s., carnation button-holes for 2s. 6d., and gardenias for the same price. Sprays of two carnations or roses with asparagus fern in a box are 7s. 6d. There are flowers for decoration, the glory of which must be seen to be appreciated.

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Mr. N.W.G.—E.

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PRINCESS ELIZABETH
CONVERTIBLE CAR

This popular model is quickly and easily converted from full-length type to a handsome sit-up car, as shown in the above illustrations. Due to this and to its long-wearing quality, it is suitable for baby at all ages and represents a distinct economy by obviating the necessity of a second car as baby grows older. It is beautifully finished and is constructed from finest materials throughout. This model is fully described in our catalogue which will be sent post free upon request, or it can be seen and demonstrated without obligation in our showrooms.

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BATH COLOGNE in large decanter 6/-. Obtainable also in smaller sizes.

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MAKERS OF THE CELEBRATED BATH SOAP.

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IN TWO
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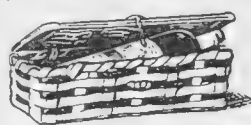
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"May I advise

that you suggest the Liqueur which—I know—is sure to be the one she wishes."



Order NOW from your Wine Merchant for Christmas Presents, GRANT'S CHERRY BRANDY in the Gift Hamper.

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SWEET OR DRY

Britain's Supreme Liqueur

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xxvii



SHETLAND CARDIGAN

Hand-knitted in the Shetland Isles of pure Shetland Wool. The embroidered designs are in contrasting colours and add to the beauty of the Cardigan. In shades of Grey, Moorit, and Fawn.

24/6

Write for our list of ideas for Christmas Gifts.

JOHN WIGHT & Co., Ltd.,
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YOUR CHRISTMAS CHARITIES

Westminster Calling

An S O S comes from Westminster Hospital. Owing to depleted income from all sources; the first of the voluntary hospitals (it was established in 1717) is faced with the grim task of raising £17,000 this month towards its overdraft of £27,000. What a happy Christmas you can ensure it if you do your share in balancing its budget, and, alternatively, what a sad New Year is in store for Westminster Hospital if its great need is ignored. The hon. treasurers are Edward H. Hoare, Esq., and the Hon. Sir William Goschen, K.B.E.

The Shaftesbury Homes and "Arethusa" Training Ship

No slowing down of the work of this institution is possible where there are so many boys and girls in danger of being stranded during the present heavy weather in industrial affairs. Boys in the *Arethusa* are trained as efficient sailors, and at the homes are taught various trades, while the girls learn household duties, all later being found good situations. Without this timely assistance thousands of the young would drift hopelessly. The address to which gifts should be sent is 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

A Crying Need

It is a regrettable fact that in these civilized days there should still be a crying need for a National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. However, the Society, known throughout the land as the N.S.P.C.C., has well justified its existence; no fewer than 4,000,000 children have had good reason to be grateful for its efforts. This is the season of the Children's Festival. When making out your list of Christmas gifts for your own young friends and relations, will you include one extra present for some unknown child—will you send a donation to the N.S.P.C.C.? Gifts will be gratefully acknowledged by Mr. Wm. J. Elliott, Director, N.S.P.C.C., Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.2.

All Sorts and Conditions of Men

Let us pay a nocturnal visit to the Thames Embankment. It is raining hard and the wind is icy. Huddled in an ill-protected corner is a tattered shape—a human derelict. Oblivious to our approach this waif of London sleeps, as do his luckless compères on the seats we pass at occasional intervals. But stay—a form looms up, a cheerful word is spoken, and the tattered one follows his guide to the warm and inviting atmosphere of a Church Army shelter hard by. We have seen a work of mercy performed. Similar heart-touching episodes can be witnessed at all hours of the night throughout the year. Day and night the Church Army faces overwhelming odds on behalf of the homeless, the needy, the criminal, and the sick. It is at present preparing for its usual Christmas effort. It will again this year distribute parcels of food, etc., to the poor; also it hopes to organize Christmas dinner-parties for men, women, and children who otherwise might face a bare table. The actual cost of each parcel is 10s.; £5 will provide for ten families. Gifts will be gladly acknowledged by Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

"For Those in Peril on the Sea"

At this season of merrymaking do not let us forget the men to whom we owe most of the good things which grace our tables, namely, our sailors, who face great hardships in carrying out their duties and must in countless cases perforce spend Christmas far from home. The British Sailors' Society, which provides hospitality all the year round in a hundred world ports, is making grand plans to bring good cheer to these exiles, and many a seaman's widow and orphan, as well as lighthouse keepers and lightship crews, will also be specially remembered. In these days, with over 40,000 British seamen unemployed consequent on the many ships lying idle in home ports, the Society's task is heavier than ever. Will you help in its accomplishment? The hon. treasurer is Sir Ernest Glover, Bart., 680, Commercial Road, London, E.14.

An Appeal to the Tender-Hearted

A child who has never known childhood—think what this means. There are hundreds of such children now in the care of the Waifs and Strays Society—little old men and women of tender years who have lived lives of fear and dread in surroundings of poverty and neglect. For their sakes and for the sake of countless other small people who are knocking at its doors, this great Society (already father and mother to 4,700 children) makes a special Christmas appeal. Without generous help there can be no Christmas treats this year. And they are so eagerly expected. Subscriptions or donations should be sent to Dr. Westcott, Secretary, Waifs and Strays Society, Kennington, S.E.

The Royal Northern Hospital

In common with all other charitable enterprises this hospital is feeling the full effects of the national financial crisis. In addition to its huge debt of maintenance, collecting boxes are yielding less than half their usual amount, out-patients (many of them unemployed) are finding it often impossible to contribute anything to their treatment, and people who formerly could afford to go to their own medical men are now calling on the hospital for assistance. Last year the Royal Northern Hospital treated nearly 310,000 out-patients and the in-patients numbered well over 5,000. It is unthinkable that such magnificent work should be crippled by lack of funds. Please do what you can.

A Wonderful Institution

A message and tonic of hope have been brought to many thousands of sufferers by the Cancer Hospital (Free), Fulham Road. Patients know that gathered there under one roof are men who have devoted their genius to the conquest of cancer. The most skilful treatment, the most expensive and up-to-date equipment, are ready to alleviate or to cure their distress. And then, too, there is the Research Institute, where goes on a ceaseless investigation into the beginnings and nature of cancer, its manifestations, and its treatment. The latest effort of the Cancer Hospital has been the construction of a new wing comprising a new Radiological Department and accommodation for patients who can contribute towards their cost. This new wing has cost, with equipment, £150,000; approximately £70,000 is still required. Donations or subscriptions, which are urgently needed, should be sent to the Secretary, the Cancer Hospital (Free), Fulham Road, London, S.W.3.



PLEASE
SEND A
CHRISTMAS
GIFT
TO OUR
4700
LITTLE
CHILDREN

WAIFS & STRAYS
THE
SOCIETY

Dr. WESTCOTT (Secretary), KENNINGTON, S.E.11

THE LARGEST GENERAL HOSPITAL IN NORTH LONDON

461 Beds for free, contributory, and private patients. Last year 5,406 in-patients and 309,937 out-patients were treated. £18,000 is desperately needed before the End of the Year for maintenance only. A Gift to help the necessitous sick in the Hospital's huge area will be gratefully acknowledged by the Secretary.

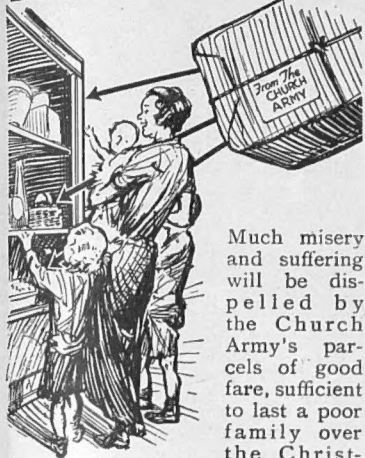


Recognised as a Training School for Nurses.

St. David's Wing, for private patients, is now open. This new wing is the most up-to-date of its kind in London.

Gilbert G. Panter,
Secretary.

Filling the Christmas Larders in Poverty Street



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May the Church Army fill one larder, or more, in *your* name?

Bought in large quantities, each parcel costs 10/-; its retail value is about 14/-. Your gift is thus enhanced.

10/- will give this £5 will make TEN joy to a family £5 families happy

Please send to-day to Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., Hon. Chief Secretary,

THE CHURCH ARMY

55, Bryanston St., London, W.1

THIS CHRISTMAS

Please Help-



The illustration above is the new wing of The Cancer Hospital, built at a cost of £150,000 and comprises a Radiological Department and accommodation for Patients who can contribute towards their cost.

A message of hope has been brought to many thousands of sufferers by The Cancer Hospital (Free), Fulham Road, London.

Patients know that gathered here under one roof are men who have devoted their genius to the conquest of Cancer.

The most skilful treatment, the most expensive and up-to-date equipment, are ready to alleviate or to cure their distress.

Poor patients are admitted free and a certain number of beds are provided for advanced cases who are kept comfortable and free from pain.

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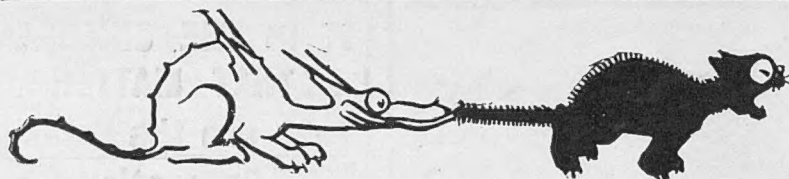
This year, our task will be greater owing to the serious unemployment among Sailors, so please send your "Christmas Cheer" gift to-day to

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SPEND your winter holiday in these lovely isles, where old-world peace tempts you to blissful idleness. Bask on coral beaches, or discover at leisure enchanting crystal caves, strangely beautiful sea gardens, lanes bordered with sub-tropical trees. In your more strenuous moods you can play golf and tennis, sail, swim, fish—invgorated by ocean breezes, refreshed by brilliant sunshine.

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That is the key-note of this year's

GRAPHIC CHRISTMAS NUMBER



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